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Week of July 30, 1944

CHINA

Global Glamour

Typical Beauties On All Our War Fronts

Painting by Henry Clive

Baffled by Letters from His "Dead" Wife

HE STOOD in line, waiting. An unlit, forgotten, cigarette hung from his mouth. Tired and wan, the soldier stood there, hands in the pockets of his worn khaki tunic. Behind him the silent line stretched for a block down the debris-strewn sidewalk.

Gladys dead. Gladys dead. Over and over he said the words to himself. Ever since he had received the cryptic telegram at camp—telling that his wife had been killed when a bomb hit their London home—it had been like a dream. Yet, there he stood in front of the makeshift mortuary.

The line shuffled forward. He was inside. One of the attendants came up. "Your name?" he asked.

"Carter. Ernest E Carter. Irving Road. I've come to see about..."

The man thumbed through a thick sheaf of papers.

"Here we are. Gladys Carter, Irving Road. Slab 17." The soldier mechanically followed between two long rows of sheeted tables.

At one marked with a crudely-lettered "17" they stopped. The attendant pulled back the sheet. "This her?" he asked.

The soldier studied the face. It was battered and blue. That, he thought, must have been when the bricks fell on her. He nodded and the sheet was put back.

"Will you take care of the funeral arrangements?" The attendant had to repeat the question twice. The soldier heard himself say.. "Yes, of course." He stumbled out the door. Next day he was back.

"Gladys Carter?" the girl at the desk asked. "She was sent to the Gunnersbury Park Cemetery for burial this morning. We couldn't wait to hear from you. Another raid last night. Had to make room. Sorry."

No use getting angry. This was September, 1940. The big London blitz was on. Thousands were being killed nightly.

The soldier thanked her and left. That was four years ago. Carter returned to his post as a gunner in the British Army. He had made arrangements to have his small son, who had miraculously escaped the bombing, taken care of.

The other day he received a letter. It was from his sister-in-law, Mrs. Dolly Richardson. She enclosed a note she had received from Gladys. Thunderstruck, Carter read:

"My Dear Sister,—Just a line to let you know that I am still alive. No doubt you will have the shock of your life to hear from me.

"I do not want anyone to know where I am. Where are my husband and baby? I love them.—From your loving sister, Cissie."

The letter, posted in London, bore no return address. But there was no doubt about it. The soldier recognized his wife's writing.

The "dead" woman's sister got in touch with the postal authorities and the police. For days they did what they could to solve the mystery. But they got nowhere. They found no one who looked like Gladys Carter or who answered to that name. And all the Carters they turned up claimed no knowledge of, or kinship to, the suddenly resurrected blitz victim.

A handwriting expert in the police department only complicated the puzzle when he said that the note signed "Cissie" was, beyond all doubt, written by Mrs. Richardson's only sister.

The authorities are not jumping to any conclusions. But they are working on the theory that Mrs. Carter is in hiding because she was disfigured in the air raid that put her officially among the dead. They are checking up on casualties with unsightly facial scars and are going over the records of England's plastic surgeons.

This theory seems to make sense, because the Carters were very much in love when he went into the service and the woman's letters to her husband were full of sincere and romantic affection.

Carter, on special leave, hurried back to London. To Gunnersbury Park Cemetery. The superintendent and the soldier spent hours poring over the records. They found no trace of a woman named Carter.

"I can't figure it out," said the soldier. "I've asked Scotland Yard to help."

The Morgue Attendant Stopped at a Table, Pulled Back the Sheet. "This Her?" He Asked. The Soldier Studied the Battered Face and Nodded His Head.

Green "Specs" for Cows

The Green Glasses, Says the South American Inventor, Will Make the Cows Think the Driest of Grass Is Fresh and Verdant.

DOWN in Rio de Janeiro there is a nimble-witted inventor who thinks he has solved the problem of feeding dairy cows during dry spells.

All you have to do, so he says, is to put green-colored spectacles on the animals. They will then eat dry, parched grass in the belief that it is fresh and green.

The inventor isn't kidding. Or at least he takes his idea seriously enough to ask for a patent on it. The Brazilian Patent Office recently announced his application. And as there is no previous record of anyone registering the same idea, the chances are that he will get it.

Although the South American's gadget will not revolutionize cow-raising techniques, it is not entirely new. There have been several experiments in the use of colored glasses on hens.

A few years ago, W. L. Tallmadge of Lynxville, Wisconsin, made the discovery that if he put tiny, red celluloid spectacles on his leghorn hens, it would keep the birds from fighting each other.

As all poultry-raisers know, such chickens often turn cannibalistic when they see blood. Any bird unfortunate enough to have the red stuff on its white feathers is sometimes pecked to death by others in the flock.

Right in Der Fuehrer's Face

A FEW months ago when a couple of newspaper reporters donned Nazi uniforms and wandered around Philadelphia unchallenged, German papers took great delight in reprinting the yarn—just by way of proving to their readers how dumb Americans are.

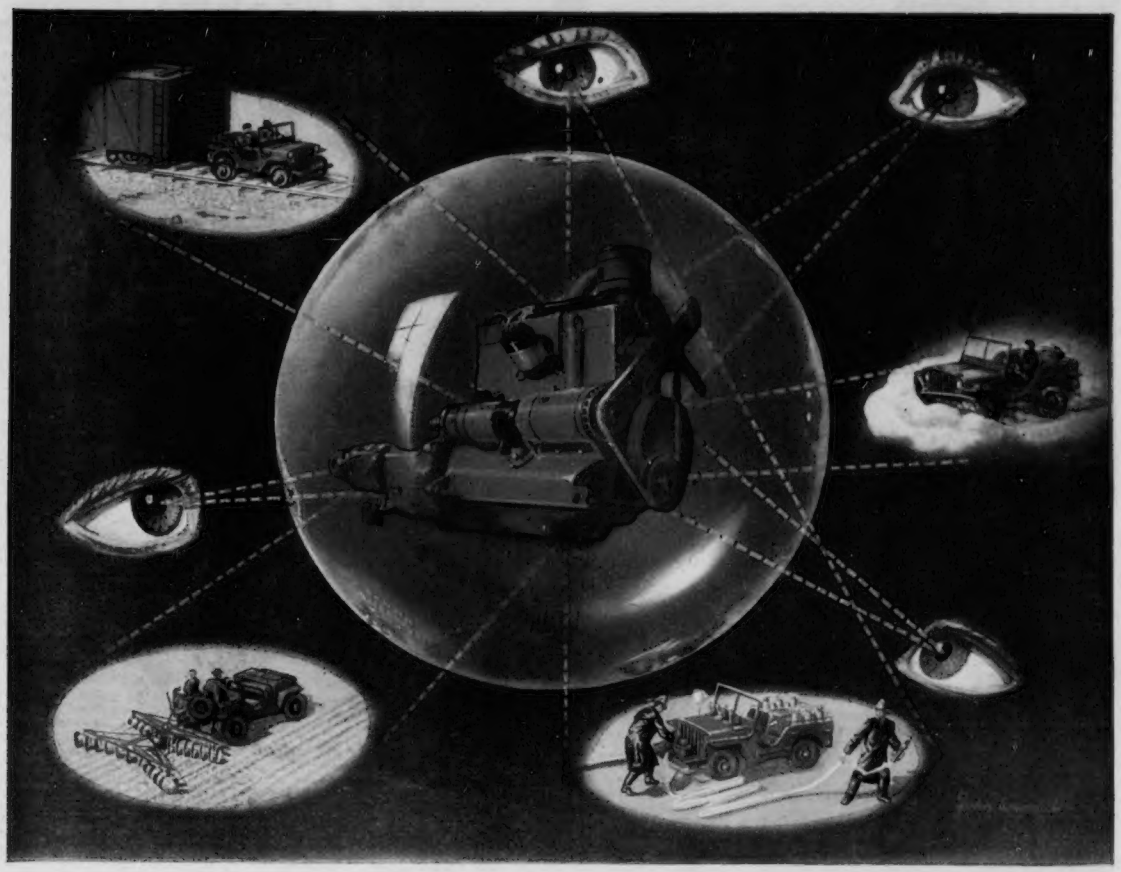
But now the same thing has happened in the Reich. Only it wasn't story-hunting newsmen who pulled off the stunt. It was a pair of British navy officers who spent 22 days freely roaming around Germany and occupied territory—and in their own English uniforms.

Needless to say, the Goebbels press hasn't been guffawing over this one. The papers haven't printed a line. The disclosure comes from London to which the two navy officers—Lieutenants Dennis Kelleher, 25, and Stewart Campbell, 22—recently returned.

The two men started their amazing trek after escaping from a prisoner of war camp. Both spoke German badly—their knowledge being confined to a six-week course in the language. Despite this, they boldly headed for Bremen, 30 miles away. They made no attempt to disguise themselves.

No one challenged them—even when they strode boldly into the Bremen depot and bought railroad tickets. The two then traveled around Hitler-land. They allayed suspicion several times by claiming to be Netherlands naval officers—although the Dutch uniforms are considerably different from the kind that are worn by the British.

• • *In every country in the world · · · to millions of people · · ·* **"JEEP"** *means* **WILLYS** • •



The Sun Never Sets on the Mighty "Jeep"

IN THE CRYSTAL BALL OF "JEEP" PERFORMANCE

soldiers and civilians see the future of the amazing Willys "Jeep" engine. Now driving the "Jeep" of war, they see it adapting the power, speed, versatility and operating economy for which this Willys scout car is world-famous today, to the many postwar jobs for which it is so eminently fitted —in cities, towns, industries, and on farms everywhere. The Willys "Jeep" engine is an exclusive creation of Willys-Overland Motors, Inc., *Toledo, Ohio.*

The power and stamina of the versatile "Jeep" will serve many needs in the years of reconstruction ahead.

Willys *Builds the Mighty* 'Jeep'

Photos by Bruno of Hollywood

That Mystifying "Phone Book Trick" Is Easy When You Know That the Mentalist Has Already Placed a Card at Whatever Page He Desires and Just Turns the Book Around.

MIND READING

It's Really Nothing But Old-Fashioned Hocus-Pocus in Modern Dress, Says Richard Himber, Who Explains How Easy—and Dangerous—It Is to Trick the Gullible Public With Phony "Second Sight"

By RICHARD HIMBER
Noted Orchestra Leader and Expert on Magic

CHAPTER II

MY occupation is that of orchestra leader and musician. It has been that for many years, ever since Sophie Tucker featured me as a "boy violinist" at New York's famed Reisenweber's more than 20 years ago.

Even in the Buster Brown haircut and Eton collar days, I was fascinated by magic. It wasn't until 15 years ago, when I achieved a degree of prestige, that I could fully indulge in that hobby.

The art of magic can be expensive. In recent years, I have spent over $20,000 for special equipment. The magician, whether he be professional or "violent amateur," delights in inventing new tricks and perfecting variations of old ones.

I became interested in mind readers when I began to build my collection of magic.

As a boy I was fascinated by the "mental marvels" who were part of almost every vaudeville show. I attended such performances, and would sit through three of the four-a-day shows, just to see and hear the mind reader at work.

Once, I was especially late for dinner. My mother asked where I had been since noon and I explained that I had seen three shows at the vaudeville theatre.

"I stayed because there is a wonderful fellow there who reads people's minds," I said.

"Nobody can read other people's minds," my down-to-earth mother quickly replied, much to my surprise.

When I argued that this fellow did, Mother insisted that it was all trickery. I defended the performer with as much vehemence as some present-day mind readers defend their work.

The upshot was that I was sent to bed with a spanking and without supper. I think that, plus my mother's certainty that mind reading was trickery, instilled the first germ of doubt in me.

FIFTEEN years ago, I saw a famed mind reader perform. He asked some one in the audience to assist him. I rushed to the platform.

He asked me to select a card. I did so. He requested that I didn't look at it. Then he held a telephone directory towards me.

"Place the card anywhere in the phone directory. Leave about a half-inch of the card exposed. Keep it face down so I can't see it."

Then he asked me: "Have we ever met before?" "Are you working for me?"

Suddenly, he put the telephone book down on the ever-present table, and announced, "I am now going to read your thoughts. Please concentrate."

I concentrated, although I didn't know on what I was supposed to concentrate. I hadn't seen the card I selected. I didn't know where I had placed it in the phone book.

"The card you selected was the nine of hearts. You placed it in the phone book at page 273. The first name in the first column is Robert Johnson. See if I'm right," he said.

I looked at the card. It was the nine of hearts, sure enough. I turned to the page where I had inserted the card. It was No. 273. The first name was Robert Johnson. The audience applauded.

I finally figured out how this bit of "mind reading" was done, but it took two days and eight performances of watching to find the solution.

First, the premise that he was "reading my thoughts" was false. How could he read in my mind that the card was the nine of hearts when I didn't know it; nor did I know the page on which it was placed or the name on top of the page?

If he was actually reading anything, it was the phone book and not my mind.

As mystifying as this may sound, the solution—like all magic and mind reading—is simple.

I selected a card and placed it in the phone book. What I didn't know, nor did the audience, was that at the other end of the book, the mind reader had placed a card, too, which he concealed with his hand when he held the book towards me.

Then began the art of "misdirection" by questioning me to prove to the audience that I wasn't a paid assistant. During this period, he held the phone book with two hands—one at each end. It was a simple matter to push the card I had selected far enough into the book so that it would not be visible, and to place the book on the table so that the card he had put there previously was the one exposed.

As far as the audience and I knew, this was the card I had chosen and placed in the book.

In many instances, the more elaborate the production, the simpler the trick.

Recently, I was present when one of the best known mentalists astounded 1,000 business and civic leaders with his "feats of the psychic," as he described them.

He received $1,000 for one hour's work. A magician would not receive half as much. The mind reader invested exactly $4 for equipment.

A volunteer was chosen from the audience. He was one of the most prominent persons present.

The mind reader immediately began his spiel.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I want it thoroughly understood that I work with no confederates or paid assistants. I have made a study of the mind for years. I believe that if two minds are in perfect accord, there is a transmission of thought whereby one mind can absorb the mental processes of the other."

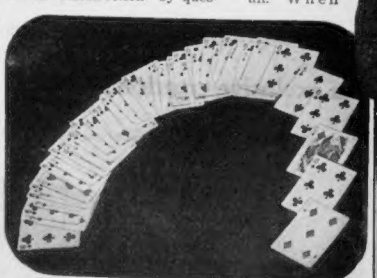
THE mentalist greeted his distinguished helper with dignified cordiality.

"Here, sir," he continued, "I have an ordinary deck of playing cards. Break the seal on the box and examine them thoroughly. They have not been tampered with in any way. If you will look through them, you'll see they are bridge cards."

The mentalist went one step further. He went down into the audience and asked all and any skeptics to examine the cards. He returned to the platform and placed the cards on a table. Then he addressed his volunteer helper.

"Take the deck of cards and follow my instructions carefully."

The assistant was told to walk to the back of the room with the cards concealed from all. When



Every Other Card Is the Same in This "Svengali" Deck, and Has Been Shaved So That the Master Mind Always Knows Just What You Will Cut.

What Dr. William G. Lennox, brain wave specialist at Harvard Medical School, thinks of telepathy:

I am not aware of any scientific investigations which demonstrate either the fact of telepathy or physical means of explaining it. Stage "mind reading" stunts must be viewed as entertainment only.

Yet open-minded investigation is proper and necessary. For example, the activity of the brain can be recorded as "brain waves." The frequency and conformation of these waves is individual for each person and is hereditary. Some, who believe in thought transference, have speculated that brain waves, like radio waves, might be transmitted across space. Actually stimulating the brain of citizen A with the peculiar wave pattern of citizen B has not altered the wave pattern, or the thoughts, of A.

is THE BUNK"

The Explanation of the "Rajah's" Apparent "Second Sight" Is Simple—His Assistant Has Slyly Copied the Questions for Him to Read.

The "Rajah," Phoniest of Mind Readers! Watch Him Answer Questions by Merely Repeating Them as Statements. His Turban May Conceal Earphones.

he was absolutely sure that he was alone, he was to cut the cards—anywhere—and take a quick look at the next one. After this, he was to restore the cards to the box, put them in his pocket, and return to the platform.

This was done. The mind reader then suggested, "Suppose you place the box of cards on the table—away from me. Leave it closed."

The mind reader picked up a slate and said: "I am going to read your mind and tell you which of the 52 cards you looked at. There is always the possibility that I might miss. I am right only 90 per cent of the time.

"I am beginning to get thought transference," he announced, as he wrote on the slate. A few seconds later he wrote again. He placed the slate face down.

HE solemnly announced, "I have now finished reading your mind. Will you kindly tell the audience what card you looked at?"

"The six of clubs," was the reply.

The mind reader turned the slate to the audience. On it was written, in large, chalky letters, SIX OF CLUBS.

You, too, can be a mind reader, for this little bit of "telepathy," like all mind reading, is strictly the bunk. All that is necessary is a glib line of patter, a bit of dexterity and two decks of cards purchasable only in one place.

A Magic Shop in New York City will sell you a "Svengali Deck" for a dollar and another deck, which looks exactly like it, for fifty cents.

Aside from the fact that the backs of both decks are identical, each alternating card in the Svengali pack is a six of clubs, or a queen of hearts, or any card you choose.

The legitimate deck is what you show to the volunteer. The Svengali deck is under a newspaper or magazine which is on the table.

Here is where the magic, or legerdemain, comes in. After you have convinced your helper and your audience that the deck is legitimate, you place it on the table next to the magazine or newspaper that conceals the Svengali. You focus the attention of the helper and audience elsewhere. Then you effect the switch by placing the newspaper or magazine over the legitimate deck—exposing the Svengali deck, which the volunteer helper takes to the back of the room.

Inasmuch as only every other card is a six of clubs, what is to prevent your helper from looking at another card? The Magic Shop has provided for that. All of the 26 sixes have been "shaved" a fraction of an inch shorter on each end.

When you cut the deck, it will not be a six of clubs. But the next card, after the cut, always will be, and that is the card your helper sees.

A firm believer in elaborate hocus-pocus is the "second sight" mind reader, who ostensibly gazes into a bowl, in which your folded question reposes, and then answers your question through the simple expedient of repeating the question asked.

HOW does he do it? Ten or so of the folded questions are "stolen" by his feminine assistant, who takes them off-stage, and marks them on a key card placed in back of the bowl.

Then the mental marvel squints at the key card bearing your question, name and address. Of course, the bowl is removed immediately when he finishes the act.

Next week, Mr. Himber will tell how scientific tests have been made of many "mind reading" claims, by well-known scientists.

Muddled Marriages a Headache to the Peerage Register

England's Aristocracy Bluebook Editors Are Tearing Their Hair While Trying to Keep Tab on the Nobles Whose Titles and Families Are All Mixed Up

The Duke of Leinster Charges His Wife With Forgetting Her Vows.

The Duchess of Leinster's Suit Is on the Current Calendar of the British Divorce Court.

Discord Changes the Position of Titled Couples Like Pawns on a Chessboard.

LONDON

BRISK business in the divorce courts is sending up the blood pressure of the editors of Burke's Peerage and Debrett's, those ponderous volumes that keep tab on Britain's aristocratic families. So fast are marriages melting that the editors can't keep pace with them.

At the last court session, eight bewigged justices sat in judgment on nearly 3,000 divorce suits, and among them — on both undefended and defended lists — were more than 50 names of titled gentlemen and their ladies. Currently, about 3,900 cases are at issue, with decisions being handed down at the rate of 300 a week, and dukes, barons and knights are still in there pitching.

The books on the peers, which tell who is who in the upper crust, are issued annually. But last year's publications are no guide today. Even monthly editions would scarcely keep abreast of the rapid changes in high households.

Besides, some of the divorcees are remarrying. This means an awful tangle of relationships — especially when you consider that the "Peerage" keeps track of the kinfolk of aristocratic families to the point where they are mere first or second cousins bearing no other title than "Mr."

The current situation is in contrast to the one that prevailed from the first publication of the "Peerage" until recently. In fact, for many years divorces among the "Peerage" clientele were so rare that each one was a sensation.

But not long ago Parliament relaxed the strict British divorce law, making it possible for warring couples to split up on other grounds than proven marital infidelity.

Outstanding in pending litigation among the notables are the Duke and Duchess of Leinster, who for five years have been trying to dissolve their marriage. He is the twice-wed Premier Duke, Marquess and Earl of Ireland and Earl of Kildare, a title which dates back to 1316. She is the former Rafaelle Kennedy of New York, whose first husband was Clare Van Neck.

They were married in 1932 after His Grace divorced May Etheridge, famous chorus girl of London's Gaiety Theatre. They lived together until 1939 when the duchess sued, declaring she "couldn't live with black-faced sheep in misty lochs," meaning her residence in Scotland.

In reply, the duke said she made life miserable for him, causing him to travel to other parts of the British Isles. As a result of this unusual defense, Lord Keith, Lord President of the Scottish court, ruled that the duke's habitual absence put him beyond the court's jurisdiction. So no decree was granted.

The Duchess of Leinster returned to the United States and in 1942 the duke sued in London, naming as co-respondent Viscount Tarbat, a major in the Seaforth Highlanders, who is now a prisoner of war. She countered with a charge of desertion. There the matter stands.

That's only one of the imminent problems confronting the frantic editors of Burke's and Debrett's.

Another one is the case of Baroness Romilly, daughter of Lord Sackville, who most certainly will receive a decree, inasmuch as her suit is undefended. When, as the Hon. Diana Joan Sackville-West, she was wed in 1929 to the popular young nobleman, she was described as "looking like a lovely figure from a fairy tale in a gown of gold and carrying a sheath of gilded lilies."

Baroness Romilly Says Her Husband Has Gone Away Forever.

In 1939 he rejoined his regiment, the Coldstream Guards, and soon afterward, according to Diana, he "seemed really unhappy, giving frequent evidence that he was thinking of making an end of the marriage." She added:

"Eventually he wrote to me saying that he did not intend to return to me. He gave no reason."

The editors will have a little time in amending their entries concerning Sir Richard Meadows White, who is defending an action brought by Lady Elizabeth Mary Gladys White, only sister of the seventh Marquess Townshend.

Lady Elizabeth, when she was 20, seven years ago, deserted the family estate at Raynham Hall, Norfolk, and made a bid in London for a stage career. Two years later, after Britain went to war, she met Sir Richard. She was something less than a sensation as an actress, although of striking beauty, and he was an eligible bachelor who traded in his life of ease for the uniform of an ordinary seaman in His Majesty's Navy. They were married in 1939, shortly before his brother, Lieut. Comdr. Robert Charles Meadows White, was killed in action and he succeeded to the baronetcy.

Now Lady Elizabeth has sued, and Sir Richard has elected to challenge her charges.

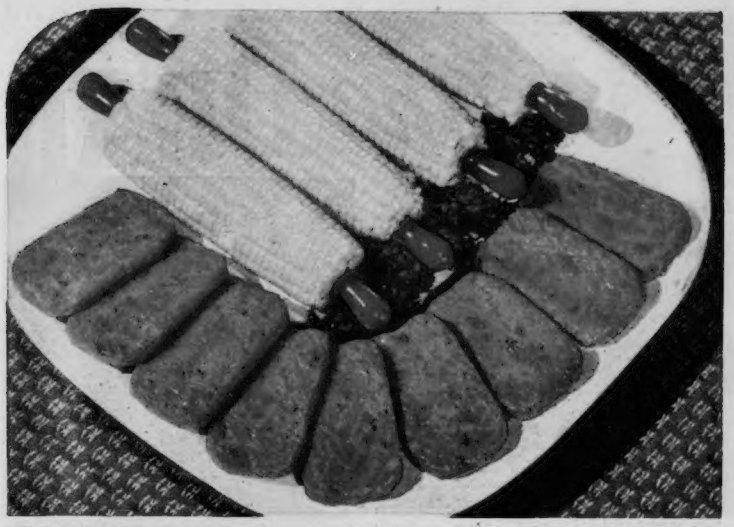
Another couple are Sir Dermot Joshua Cusack-Smith and Lady Dorothy Cusack-Smith, a clergyman's daughter. They were married in 1932 and, now that he is a captain in the Artillery, she wants a divorce.

In all the divorce cases, whether among peers or plain folk, the war, as well as the revised divorce statutes, bears a measure of the blame.

Whatever the reason, the editors of Burke's and Debrett's yearn for the good old days when a viscount and his lady married, retired to the ancestral estate and lived happily ever after — or, at least, happily enough to keep the record straight.

STOP A MINUTE AT THIS DISPLAY
SAVE HOURS IN THE KITCHEN

Every can of Prem you have in your pantry means precious time saved. It keeps without refrigeration, so stock up from the big display at your dealer's.



Prem *is good hot*

It takes just a few minutes to get Prem hot and ready for the table. There's no need to overheat your kitchen, no need to spend hours preparing hot meals. The more often you have Prem, the more leisure time you'll have for out-of-doors. Try these suggestions:

Pictured at the left is fried Prem and tender fresh corn. A hot meal that's quick and satisfying. M-m-m!

Fried Prem and apple pancakes. When you've made your regular batter, stir in grated apples—one cup for each cup of flour. Yes, ma'am! It's great!

Prem *is good cold*

Prem is ready-to-eat, so, for cold meals, just chill the can, open, slice and serve. Its flavor is distinctly better because it's sugar-cured the exclusive Swift's Premium way. Also, Prem supplies the highest quality proteins, important minerals and B vitamins.

Meal pictured at left: Cut pineapple (or melon) in half lengthwise. Remove center, dice, mix with other chilled fruits and salad dressing. Replace in shell and top with strawberries. Surround with Prem.

Try this meal, too: Cold sliced Prem, tomatoes stuffed with cottage cheese, sliced cucumbers.

SUGAR-CURED

Now packed 3 ways —but all the same quantity of the same good Prem.

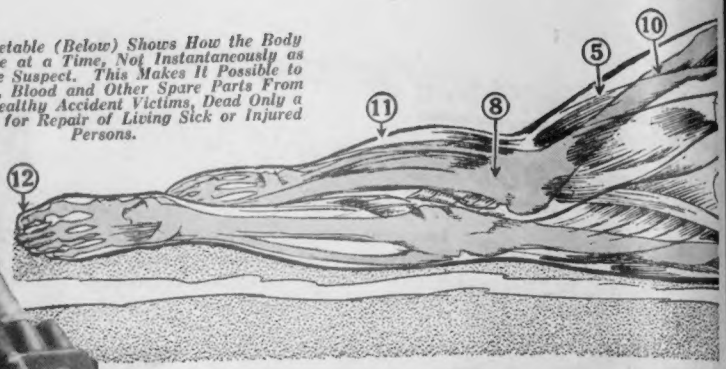
BY THE MAKERS OF SWIFT'S PREMIUM HAM

Prem *is ready on the dot ...hot or cold*

Soviata

Prof. A. A. Bogomolets Who Perfected the New "Anti-Reticular Cytotoxic Serum"—Called ACS for Short.

Death's Timetable (Below) Shows How the Body Dies a Little at a Time, Not Instantaneously as Many People Suspect. This Makes It Possible to Use Tissues, Blood and Other Spare Parts From Bodies of Healthy Accident Victims, Dead Only a Short Time, for Repair of Living Sick or Injured Persons.



The DEAD

By LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG
A.B., M.A., M.D. (Johns Hopkins University)

OUT of the bone marrow of the dead, one of Russia's most eminent scientists, Prof. Alexander Alexandrovitch Bogomolets, is making a remarkable, life-saving serum that promises to revolutionize medicine in the near future.

This new "elixir" almost miraculously builds up the body's resistance to cancer, preventing recurrence of tumors after the surgeon's knife has removed them the first time.

Russian doctors also call the serum a "quick and certain cure for arthritis," a painful disease that long has baffled medical experts. Even a single injection, it is said, may banish the crippling ailment completely.

On the battle front small doses speed the healing of wounds and knitting of fractured bones so astonishingly that many casualties are back in the fight in only a fraction of the time it would have taken if only old-fashioned methods of treatment had been used.

Some boys actually owe their arms and legs to the new discovery. Others owe their lives.

"Anti-reticular cytotoxic serum" is the awe-inspiring name of the new medical marvel, but even its learned orginator prefers to call it ACS for short.

After a little more research the Russian pathologist hopes his discovery also will increase the ordinary lifespan of man to 125 years or longer.

Prof. Bogomolets considers the "threescore years and ten" of the Bible merely middle age.

Dreams of long life, in fact, were the incentive that first spurred the noted experimenter on. The much more important discovery of the serum's many medical uses was an unexpected outcome.

Cancer is one of the diseases usually associated with old age—though not always. So naturally Prof. Bogomolets and his colleagues made a thorough study of how to combat it if possible.

Many laboratory tests on cancer tumors transplanted in animals were made before ACS was tried on human patients. Soon it was discovered that small injections of the material frequently kept these tumors from developing further, but large doses made them grow like wildfire.

From this it was deduced that only minute injections of ACS could be used with safety, and now the doses are measured in amounts as low as 100ths of a cubic centimeter.

Another hopeful discovery was that metastasis, which means spreading of cancer cells from the original tumor to other parts of the body, was much less likely to occur when the serum was properly used.

Finally, one experimenter was able to make large tumors in mice disappear completely after ACS injections.

But it wasn't until 1936 that these Russian pathologists tried the new serum on human patients. Since that time several doctors have injected tiny doses of ACS after operating on chest cancers and those of the digestive tract.

Although one of the most insidious things about cancer is that it returns over and over again, in spite of surgery, it was found that many patients who got the ACS injections did not have the expected recurrence.

Prof. Bogomolets predicts that use of ACS to prevent relapses after operation will "save many thousands of years of human life annually."

Even when a cancer has reached the stage where operation is impossible the serum has been found to bring relief by decreasing the terrible pain—sometimes completely banishing it. It also improves the body's general condition and often prolongs life in comfort.

The hope ACS offers for arthritis victims is equally remarkable. Here the Soviet doctors feel they have found a long-sought cure. Arthritis, with its many causes, also has many treatments which are more or less effective, yet thousands of persons are crippled by the disease. In its chronic state arthritis is one of the worst causes of human suffering.

Now, it may be possible with a few simple injections under the skin or in the veins to wipe out this disease scourge. Use of the new serum for arthritis and other rheumatic conditions is no longer considered merely experimental in Russia.

IN ITS present form ACS is manufactured by injecting into a horse, or goat, material from the bone marrow and spleens of persons dead only six to ten hours and extracting an immunizing substance from the animal's blood. It is important that the "donor" body be that of a young, vigorous person killed accidentally or in battle, not one who has died from infectious disease.

The serum works by stimulating the body's own protective reaction against the many ills that threaten humanity.

Prof. Bogomolets bases his whole revolutionary treatment on the medical theory that the conquest of all disease, including premature old age at 70 or 80, hinges on keeping the connective tissue—most widespread of all bodily organs—in a continuous state of peak vigor and activity.

The tissue is the network of cells that holds the whole body together. It encases every organ; wraps the bones and muscles; forms ligaments and cavity linings, and acts as a packing between individual cells.

This multiple-job tissue once was considered nothing but an elastic skeleton with absolutely no influence on being sick or well. Then came the discovery that certain bacteria-devouring cells called phagocytes were scattered throughout its network and were concentrated especially where connective tissue occurs in the bone marrow, spleen, lymph nodes and liver.

In normally healthy persons these cells intercept and destroy germs as they enter the body.

And, according to Prof. Bogomolets, it's only reasonable to believe that if these phagocyte cells are slightly out of order or moping on the job, they won't protect the body effectively. Then the victim succumbs to whatever bacteria invade.

ACS stimulates and keeps the phagocytes in top-notch working order.

Good, healthy phagocytes, the Soviet experts found out, also go to bat against any new growths or tumors that form in the body. That explains in part the serum's effectiveness against cancer.

When a tumor starts to develop, extra large phagocytes called macrophages enter the offending growth, destroying as many cancer cells as possible.

Then, Prof. Bogomolets explains, "the macrophages produce substances which stimulate the local growth of fibroblasts (normal fiber cells)" and new healthy tissue takes the place of the tumor.

The serum also seems to increase a natural power in human blood to dissolve cancer cells. This power, according to medical men in the USSR, is only very slight or entirely lacking in persons who have the disease.

Here, they imply, may be the answer to why some people get cancer and others don't.

THROUGH its simple stimulating effect on germ-eating cells the serum has proved effective against many infectious diseases.

Among these, epidemic-causing typhus reacts in an especially striking way. Temperature is lowered, the disease lasts a much shorter time and the dread nervous and circulatory symptoms are few. Scarlet fever frequently is stopped entirely by early use of ACS; infections that sometimes occur in childbirth have been controlled and general surgical infections checked.

Osteomyelitis, the bone infection that is so dif-

It's a Common Procedure Now to Cut the Cornea Off a Dead Eye for Transplanting to the Living.

Under Sterile Conditions Marrow Is Removed From Breast Bone and Ribs of a Healthy Accident Victim.

(1) The Brain Can Live Ten Minutes After Death; (2) Heart Muscle, 20 Minutes; (3) Eyes, 30 Minutes; (4) Ears, 1 Hour; (5) Arm and Leg Muscles, Four Hours; (6) Internal Muscles, Ten Hours; (7) Blood Cells, 18 Hours; (8) Cartilage, One Day; (9) Liver Cells, Two Days; (10) Bones, Three Days; (11) Skin, Five Days; (12) Hair Roots and Fingernails, Seven Days.

MENDING THE LIVING

By Converting Bone Marrow Into a Serum, the Famous Russian Scientist, Prof. Bogomolets, Almost Miraculously Protects Living Bodies Against Cancer, Quickly Banishes Arthritis, Speeds the Healing of Wounds—and Hopes to Make 125 Years an Ordinary Lifespan

Pus-filled holes in lungs healed and serum injections kept frost-bitten tissues from dying.

This repair work where new tissue and bone must be built up doesn't depend on the connective tissue's ability to fight off germs—except in a minor degree. Instead, it is tied up with a second and exceedingly important duty of this widespread network of cells, which is the job of creating new osteoblasts (bone cells) and fibroblasts (tissue cells).

THERE'S still another important job, according to the Russian professor, whose connective-tissue cells perform for man. That has to do with the supply of food and oxygen from the blood.

Connective-tissue cells secrete chemicals that fill the spaces between tiny blood capillaries and cells of the various vital organs, the muscles and the nervous system. These chemicals form a sort of barrier or wall through which food elements must pass.

If this wall isn't in good repair, body organs are undernourished. Poorly fed nerves may result in mental illness; "hungry" livers, lungs and hearts cause other serious trouble.

High blood pressure is especially related to the perfect working condition of these tiny chemical walls in the kidneys, Prof. Bogomolets believes. If they are too dense for blood substances to filter through, the pressure is increased.

Injections of ACS frequently lower blood pressure permanently, according to several of the leading Russian investigators.

And while ACS is good for this disorder of the arteries, Soviet doctors warn that endocarditis and certain other of the ailments should not be treated with it.

Prof. Bogomolets prefers to liken the action of his serum to a match being struck to set off some inflammable material, then gradually spreading to become a great conflagration. He believes that small doses of ACS, first react on certain connective-tissue cells in the spleen and lymphatic nodes, causing them to produce further stimulating substances, or hormones, which gradually spread through all the connective tissue, speeding up activity as they spread.

First signs that ACS is taking effect show up in the blood after the second dose. There is an increased ability for blood substances to pass through the barrier wall into body-organ cells, the capillaries dilate, phagocytes increase and migrate through the connective tissues.

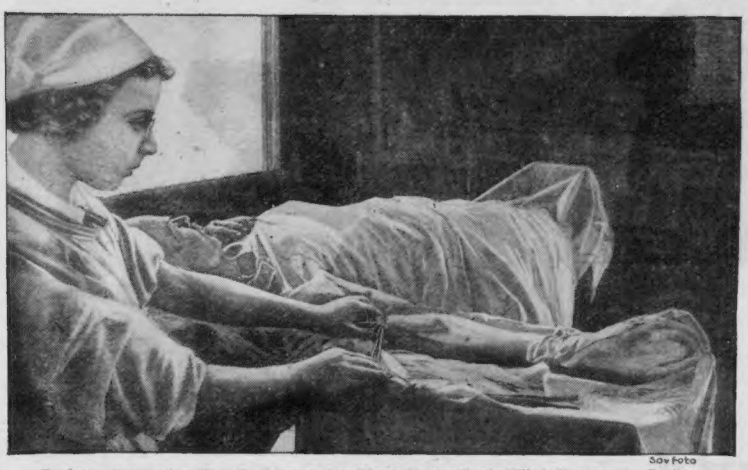
Recently it has been rumored that several important leaders in the Soviet have been getting injections of ACS for some time, not to combat any one ailment but just to keep them in the best possible health and working at top efficiency.

Prof. Bogomolets points out that the lifespan of an animal is five or six times longer than it takes to grow up. According to this, he figures a century and a quarter or a little more is the time Nature allotted to humans.

Old age before that time, he reasons, is due to reasons that make man susceptible to disease and its weakening influence.

The Russian professor and his colleagues all admit that much research is necessary to perfect fine points of the treatment and have asked American scientists to join the investigation.

Although some experts in this country have shown a tendency to be dubious, they are willing to admit that other medical innovations have come out of the USSR in the past, and the war-tested ACS may live up to its promise of being a great health boon to mankind.



Sov Foto

Professor Bogomolets Was the First to Use Blood From Newly-Killed Persons to Sustain Life in Those Badly Wounded, and Out of This Grew the General Idea of the Blood Bank.

ficult to cure, responds with definite healing reactions when ACS is used.

In a recent issue of the American Review of Soviet Medicine Dr. B. E. Linberg reports the success of minute stimulating injections of ACS used on cases of gunshot fracture, frostbite, slow-healing wounds, chronic infection between the lungs and chest wall, lung wounds and intestinal ulcers.

At a rear evacuation hospital 109 wounded soldiers were undergoing ordinary treatment for these varied injuries.

In addition to symptoms of delayed healing, gas gangrene and copious discharges, these war casualties all suffered from anemia, general weakness, restless sleep and poor appetites—indicating, according to the Bogomolets theory, that connective tissues were operating inefficiently.

Serum injections were given at intervals of three to four days, in addition to the orthodox treatments already under way.

From three to five days after the first injection 60 per cent of the patients began to sleep soundly, appetites came back and weight was put on rapidly. Bones that had gone months without knitting began to mend and surface wounds repaired themselves with remarkable speed.

The Marrow and Some Minced Spleen Are Centrifuged and the Resulting Liquid Is Injected Into a Horse's Veins.

Powerful Antibodies Are Built Up in the Animal's Blood Which Then Is Drawn Off to Form ACS.

A Soldier Gets an Injection of ACS to Stimulate Connective-Tissue Cells That Heal Wounds and Help Bones to Knit.

PRIVATE LIFE OF THE MALE

(3 stages of)

STAGE 1—*The Newlywed*

The days when you'd rather make love than eat breakfast . . .

Whoa, Mr. Newlywed—you *can't* live on love! After all, you've gone all night without food. That's why doctors and dietitians say you need at least *one quarter of your daily nourishment at breakfast!*

So ease up on the breakfast-time kisses, and stoke up! (For stoking that's a pleasure, try Grape-Nuts Flakes!)

STAGE 2—*The Proud Parent*

. . . who takes time from breakfast to play with the kid—the Future President.

Now, now, Pop—get wise! Uncle Sam says you need *whole-grain* nourishment! And, mister, how you get it in Grape-Nuts Flakes! Every honey-golden flake is jam-crammed full of it! Bursting with Vitamin B_1, too, for hop-skip-and-jump energy!

STAGE 3—*The Snoring Forties*

. . . when snore time cuts into breakfast time.

Man, if you want eatin' that's better than sleepin', sit yourself down to some crispy, golden, sweet-as-a-nut Grape-Nuts Flakes! Pour 'em in a bowl, heap 'em with luscious slices of juicy fruit, drown 'em in farm-fresh milk! *Gee, ain't breakfast wonderful!*

Grape-Nuts Flakes

A GENERAL FOODS CEREAL

LISTEN TO THOSE WHO KNOW!

Government authorities say: Most of us don't eat an adequate breakfast.

Doctors and dietitians say: All of us should get at least ¼ of our daily nourishment at breakfast.

Nutritionists say: An adequate breakfast includes *both* fruit *and* a cereal with whole-grain nourishment.

We say: All General Foods cereals provide whole-grain nourishment.

Grape-Nuts • Grape-Nuts Flakes • Grape-Nuts Wheat-Meal • Post Toasties • Post's 40% Bran Flakes

EAT A GOOD BREAKFAST—DO A BETTER JOB!

Pluma Louise Palmer Struck Moran, Whose Memory Has Returned.

The Palmers' Florida Estate Which Their Son's Fourth Bride Never Set Foot In, and (Right) Pluma on the Steps of the Juke Joint Where She Met O'Orsay.

How the Old Hymn Woke Up Pluma's Mind

So I'll cherish the old rugged cross,
Till my trophies at last I lay down!
I will cling to the old rugged cross
And exchange it some day for a crown.

From "The Old Rugged Cross" by Rev. Geo. Bennard.

(Copyright 1941, Renewal by [illegible] Co., Owner)

As the Psychopathic Ward Inmates Sang "The Old Rugged Cross," Pluma Suddenly Remembered Singing the Same Hymn at Her Grandmother's Funeral.

Pluma's First Husband, the Late Potter O'Orsay Palmer, Grandson of the Great Mrs. Potter Palmer of Chicago.

SINCE it was written so many years ago, this well-known hymn has illuminated many a dark corner of humanity.

But never, probably, has it struck a more spectacular light than the one that flooded the mind of a young woman, who, with other inmates, was singing it in Chicago's Psychopathic Hospital a few weeks ago.

Well dressed and pretty, she had been brought to the hospital several days before, suffering from amnesia.

While she was buying a paper at a corner newsstand, a curtain had fallen on her memory, blotting out her name and all particulars of her past.

A helpful taxi-driver had taken her to a police station, and the police, in turn, had sent her to the Psychopathic Hospital for observation.

There, the more or less accidental community singing of "The Old Rugged Cross" accomplished quickly what standard psychiatric treatment had failed to attain.

The simple melody lifted a corner of her mental blackout curtain; she remembered singing the hymn a long time ago at her grandmother's funeral.

So she had had a grandmother. That was something. And using that single recollection as a clue, she proceeded with a thrilling sense of discovery, like a detective deducing the circumstances of a crime—to reconstruct her own past, a past that was as crowded with incident as was "Gone With the Wind."

The funeral recalled the jimcrack Florida house where she had been living with her grandmother and her mother. As the scene expanded, the accompanying melody became more worldly than the strains of "The Old Rugged Cross." In fact, it took on the unmistakable juke box throb.

Reminiscence came faster now, as though to match the accelerated tempo of the music. The place was a juke joint. She was a waitress. And she remembered a car pulling up to the curb. The driver, a big, dark-haired man, was asking her for a beer and, almost in the same breath, for her hand in marriage.

She had married him. Yes. And attached to this memory were others, luxurious fragments—servants and rare china and deep pile rugs—shadowed with unhappiness and contrasting oddly with what had gone before.

The unhappiness gave her the final key she had been groping for. With a grotesque effect, like a reverse movie sequence, showing a bombed house coming together again, the words of her name fell into place.

She was Pluma Louise Lowery Abatiello Palmer Struck Moran.

From there on it was just a question of fitting the right episodes to the right names, and understandably enough, the most striking of these gravitated to Palmer.

The man in the car had been the late Potter D'Orsay Palmer, playboy grandson of the great Mrs. Potter Palmer, Chicago society leader.

Thirty-three when he married Pluma—or Louise, as she prefers to be called—he had already paid out close to a million dollars in alimony to three previous wives.

Louise, 17 then and a bride for the first time, thought more than once of following her predecessors' example, for her life with D'Orsay was not a domestic idyll.

He was wild, as well as dependent on the bounty of his wealthy parents, who enthusiastically ignored his fourth wife. The situation became so difficult that she hired a lawyer, not just for the immediate crisis but to see her through 20 more years of expected crises.

She never got to the alimony stage, though. Her marriage to D'Orsay lasted only six months, at the end of which time he died of a streptococcic infection, following a brawl at a rural barbecue.

As his sod, rather than his grass, widow, Louise collected only a fraction of the less than $10,000 worth of personal belongings he had left. At the time that seemed all he had left, the rest being safe in his parents' keeping.

Louise was satisfied, but not her lawyer. After a long examination of the Palmer fortune, he discovered what appeared to be a loose stone.

The original Mrs. Palmer, he decided, had not faithfully followed out the instructions of her husband's will. As a result, he contended that D'Orsay should have had his share of the estate outright, instead of getting it in the form of doles from his mother and father, and that same share should be his widow's now.

Calling in other lawyers to help him, the 20-year hireling thereupon sounded the charge and all swarmed to the attack.

Meanwhile, Louise married a carnival concessionaire named Ellsworth A. Struck. The war came. Mr. Struck went into a war plant and his wife obtained a job checking hats in Toledo.

After a six month[s] stretch in the WAC—and [illegible] Chicago. She was working in a night club when her lawyers announced that they had received $250,000 (her figure) settlement of her claims against the Palmers.

According to her, the legal mercenaries got most of the [illegible] tion. Even the 28[illegible] dollars that were [illegible] didn't stay with her long, for she married a Loop bartender named Jack Moran, said to be the stepson of George (Bugs) Moran, Chicago hoodlum of the Capone days. Among her refreshed memories of their brief life together, one of the happiest is that of [illegible] memory at the newsstand.

The effect on Louise of the Psychopathic Hospital, of the strange [illegible] souls—including her own—she encountered there, has been soberin[g]. She says she is going to divorce Jack Moran and either go into social service work or try to get an overseas nursing assignment.

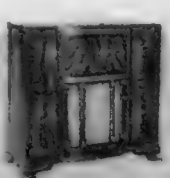
Or, as the above quoted hymn puts it, she's going to lay her [illegible] down and hereafter cling to The Old Rugged Cross.

It's a postwar Promise ... from

Admiral

A Refrigerator you never have to defrost!
A Home Freezer to keep you supplied all winter with summer fresh vegetables!
An Electric Range that automatically makes the coffee while you're still sleeping!

Predictions of good things to come ...from Admiral!



ADMIRAL RADIO—America's Smart Set There'll be a completely new and better line of radios, too—built by the world's largest manufacturer of radio-phonographs with automatic record changers. Look for them after victory.

Since Pearl Harbor, yes, and even before, Admiral Corporation has cooperated aggressively with the war production program. To meet the ever increasing demands for electronic equipment, manufacturing facilities have grown with "jack-and-the-beanstalk" rapidity. And production has kept pace. When Admiral's wartime obligations have been fulfilled, this tremendously increased ability to produce will present both a challenge and an opportunity . . . a challenge to provide jobs for our homecoming men . . . an opportunity to realize long cherished plans and ambitions. When victory comes, Admiral will proudly present the major household appliances pictured above—designed, developed and engineered by men with years of "know-how." Each will have many new and exciting features for more enjoyable living. Each will be worthy of the name Admiral.

TUNE IN CBS 2:30 p.m. E.W.T. Sundays for Admiral "World News Today"

Admiral Corporation CHICAGO 47, ILLINOIS

NEWS! A Stamp Licked Himmler

Hitler's Heir and Head Hangman Honored Himself With a Postage Portrait, Until the Fuehrer Got Jealous and Cancelled His Chances of Ever Becoming Dictator

BERN, Switzerland.

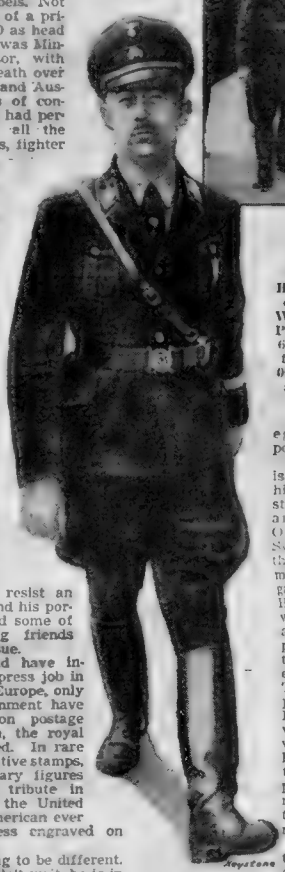
HEINRICH HIMMLER, Hitler's hangman, is licked for the moment, at least, according to word from across the border — and by, of all things, a new issue of postage stamps.

It came about because of Himmler's inordinate vanity.

Himmler worked himself up to the position of No. 2 Nazi, second only to Hitler, above Goering, above Goebbels. Not only was he master of a private army of 600,000 as head of the Gestapo. He was Minister of the Interior, with power of life and death over 80,000,000 Germans and Austrians, and millions of conquered peoples. He had personal command of all the anti-aircraft defenses, fighter planes operating over the Reich, and even some regular troops.

Intl.

Until He Commemorated Himself on a Postage Stamp, Himmler, as Head of the Gestapo, Was Master of a Private Army of 600,000 and Controlled Over 80,000,000 Germans and Austrians.



Keystone

Power went to Himmler's head. As the Swiss hear it, Himmler dreamed of a day he would be the No. 1 man with all the autocratic power and all the glory of Der Fuehrer. To accomplish his ambition, the story goes, he planned a coup d'etat, and in anticipation of Der Tag ordered millions of new postage stamps bearing his smirking, pasty-faced likeness.

But Himmler couldn't wait for the opportunity to strike and seize the dictatorship of Germany, it is reported here. He couldn't resist an urge to spread around his portrait. So he favored some of his stamp-collecting friends with the special issue.

Only vanity could have inspired the printing press job in the first place. In Europe, only the heads of government have their pictures on postage stamps. In Britain, the royal family is so honored. In rare cases of commemorative stamps, scientists and military figures have received the tribute in their lifetime. In the United States, no living American ever has had his likeness engraved on postage stamps.

Himmler was going to be different. But because he couldn't wait, he is in eclipse, according to information that has reached the Swiss Journal de Geneve. If he had had patience instead of vanity he might have sent Hitler before a firing squad, as he has ordered thousands of others, and nobody would have challenged the egotism of his postage portrait.

The belief here is that Himmler himself mailed the stamps on letters and postcards. One reaching Switzerland bore the cancellation mark of the Stuttgart post office. However they were circulated, and in whatever parts of Germany, they weren't in evidence long. They were suppressed — and Himmler along with them. He was stripped of his sweeping authority, it is reported here, and now is Minister of the Interior "in name only."

It is the first time Himmler has overstepped. Until now he has been climbing up and up the ladder of Nazi tyranny, using the beaten bodies of his many defenseless victims as rungs.

He didn't come by the title of hangman accidentally. He earned it, and is inordinately proud of it.

Himmler, now 44, got his start in Nazidom at Munich, where he was born. He had a scholastic background in economics and agriculture by reason of studies at the University of Munich. In 1923, when Hitler inspired the beer cellar putsch, Himmler was among those present.

Hitler went to jail. Himmler escaped and went into hiding.

When Hitler was gaining power, after his release, Himmler reappeared. He wormed his way into the confidence of Hitler and in 1927 was named head of the SS Elite Guards, the band of super-trained, super-loyal Herrenvolk who were organized to combat the strength of the Storm Troops, led by Ernst Roehm.

Himmler didn't have much to say, for he is a notoriously poor speaker. But he had much to do. Quietly, industriously, he began making notes. He kept his ears open and his mouth shut, meanwhile compiling dossiers on anybody and everybody who breathed a word against Hitler.

When Hitler's grip on Germany became a reality in 1933, Himmler was ready. Der Fuehrer was grateful to know who his enemies were, and put Himmler in command of the dreaded Gestapo, as well as the Elite Guards.

In 1934 Hitler rewarded Himmler by establishing him as chief of all police in the Reich. Himmler celebrated the promotion by signing the death warrants for Roehm and others in the June purge.

Himmler enlarged the police force until there was one blackjacker for every 135 inhabitants. He became policeman, judge, jailer and executioner. He took a tip from Goering, who organized concentration camps, and made them more terroristic.

Hitler renewed his faith in Himmler only last summer when Wilhelm Frick was ousted as Minister of the Interior to make a place for the Hangman. That put the Gestapo in undisputed control of the lives and destinies of the German people until the Allies march into Berlin.

Himmler turned to quick advantage Goering's loss of prestige by failing in his pledge to protect Germany from aerial bombardment. He slipped into No. 2 position, even though Goering has been named as Hitler's successor.

Neutral subjects recently in Germany feel the No. 1 spot was all but in Himmler's hands when he was licked by a postage stamp.

So few of the "Himmler's Folly" stamps got out of Germany that they have become collector's items, with fancy prices offered and none available. But, if the stories from over the border are true, the stamps may not be half so scarce as Himmler himself—if Hitler decides the time has come to purge his chief purger.

Intl.

Himmler Won the Title of "Head Hangman" When He Celebrated His Promotion to Chief of Police by "Purging" His Former Supporters.

Here Comes Quaker with a BANG BANG!!

RICE SHOT FROM GUNS

IS THE GLORIFIED BREAKFAST GRAIN EVERYONE SPARKS TO

US NEEDS US STRONG
EAT THE BASIC 7 EVERY DAY

It Pays to ask for Quaker's "Rice Shot from Guns" and Get a "Basic 7" Food!

NOTHING CAN BEAT a ready-to-eat cereal breakfast on hot summer days, Mother, and with Quaker Puffed Rice Sparkies, you can serve your family delicious breakfasts a dozen nutritious ways.

TRY THESE BIG WHOLESOME GRAINS of "rice shot from guns" with berries or fruit, fresh or stewed. Serve 'em with honey, brown sugar, or a fruit whip or preserve. And of course, always some milk.

TWO VITAMINS AND IRON! Yes, Quaker Puffed Rice Sparkies have natural grain amounts of Vitamin B_1, Niacin and Iron restored. So it's a Basic 7 Food in the Wartime Nutrition list. And mighty good eatin'! Not rationed, so buy all you want.

QUAKER *PUFFED RICE SPARKIES*
PUFFED WHEAT SPARKIES

Little Tony Had Two Amputations After the Nazi Raiders Left Him a Cripple, But Now He Walks, Plays Football, Jumps and Dances, Just As If He Hadn't Been Blitzed

New Feet *for the* Baby Bomb Victim

Tony Hyett, London's Little Blitz Victim, Now Climbs the Stairs With the Greatest of Ease, Like Any Other Child.

LONDON.

JUST to look at lively little Tony Hyett, you wouldn't think that there was anything different about him. He runs, jumps, dances around, trots down stairs and kicks a football like any other three-year-old boy.

But Tony is a blitz baby, born in London's Camberwell section when the Nazis were pounding England from the air night and day. A Nazi bomb left him with injured legs before he'd ever learned to use them, and they had to be amputated below the knees when he was only five months old.

You needn't feel sorry for Tony, however. Sturdy, courageous and self-reliant, Tony's not a bit sorry for himself—never has been, in fact. And today Tony is as happy as any other animated youngster in England, and gets around just about as well as any body his age.

Science found a way but it wasn't easy; for Tony had to learn how to walk at the start on artificial limbs. He was handicapped much more than a soldier wounded in action, or an older boy with legs crushed by a truck. He never had a chance, like other children of one or two, to take those first hesitant, exploratory steps on extremities that kicked off the covers in the cradle.

But you'd never know it now, to look at him.

Surgeons at Great Ormond Street Hospital for Children performed the operation that gave Tony the ability to carry on as a normal boy.

After the amputation, Tony was sent home, his legs clothed in soft, woolly dungarees with the end sewed.

He Never Walked on Feet of His Own, But the Surgeons Gave Him Artificial Ones That Serve Him Just as Well.

During the next few months the healing process was slow but satisfactory. The family moved to a cottage with a garden at West Wickham, Kent, and, when Tony was 11 months old, his father, Stephen Hyett, an RAF sergeant, was assigned to duty in the Middle East. He hasn't seen Tony since.

Soon after Tony was a year old he was returned to the hospital and doctors had perhaps the smallest pairs of artificial feet ever made ready for him. They are of metal, light but strong. They shape up into metal legs with leather sockets, to which Tony's leg ends are attached. Four straps, fastened to a belt worn around his waist, hold the limbs in place.

The Lower Parts of Tony's Legs Fit Into Leather Sockets Which Are Held in Place With Four Suspender-like Straps Attached to a Belt.

The first steps came with difficulty. Not only did Tony have to learn to walk. He had to learn to walk with feet that weren't his own. Doctors and sisters in the hospital were patient and brave little Tony was anxious to cooperate. Slowly, surely, they marched along together. Every second day Tony walked a bit further. He got to like it. It was a wonderful adventure. He wanted to discover more and more about the great new world that lay before him. Brown-eyed, golden-haired, rosy-cheeked, he had a wide, ready smile that captivated his nurses.

Tony eventually went home to his mother, and found there were many things to be learned around the house and garden. He became acquainted with the thrill of climbing stairs, which he soon did readily enough, without help. He mastered the art of chasing a rolling ball. He climbed trees in a near-by wood.

Of course, Tony is still under the care of the surgeons who have done so much toward making him a normal boy. Every six months he is taken to London from the Hyett cottage and given an examination. Being a growing child his artificial feet have to "grow" with him, and, of course, they must be changed from time to time.

Recently his mother bought some rabbits as pets for his amusement. He scampers around the garden eagerly attending to their needs.

When a visitor called at the Hyett home not long ago, Tony was riding a tricycle—a gift from Santa Claus. He looked just like any other child his age. Soon it became time for his mid-day meal and he climbed into his high chair on his own, spurning all offers of help.

"There is no keeping him back," his mother said. "He gets around everywhere and plays with his friends in the garden or the common. The artificial feet fit him beautifully.

"There is only one thing," Mrs. Hyett went on, looking at his feet as Tony skipped away in pursuit of a ball he had kicked. "The metal feet wear out shoes and stockings so quickly. And in these times of clothes rationing, too!"

Tony wears long trousers to cover his legs and isn't conscious that he is different from his playmates. He has the same childish ambitions. Currently he wants to be a soldier like his father. He remembers his daddy, despite the fact that he hasn't seen him for two years. His mother talks about his father to him, and Sergt. Hyett is kept constantly in touch with the boy's progress by mail and sends many messages to Tony through his mother.

Tony walks to Sunday School with his mother every week. When the visitor called the other day, Mrs. Hyett said to him:

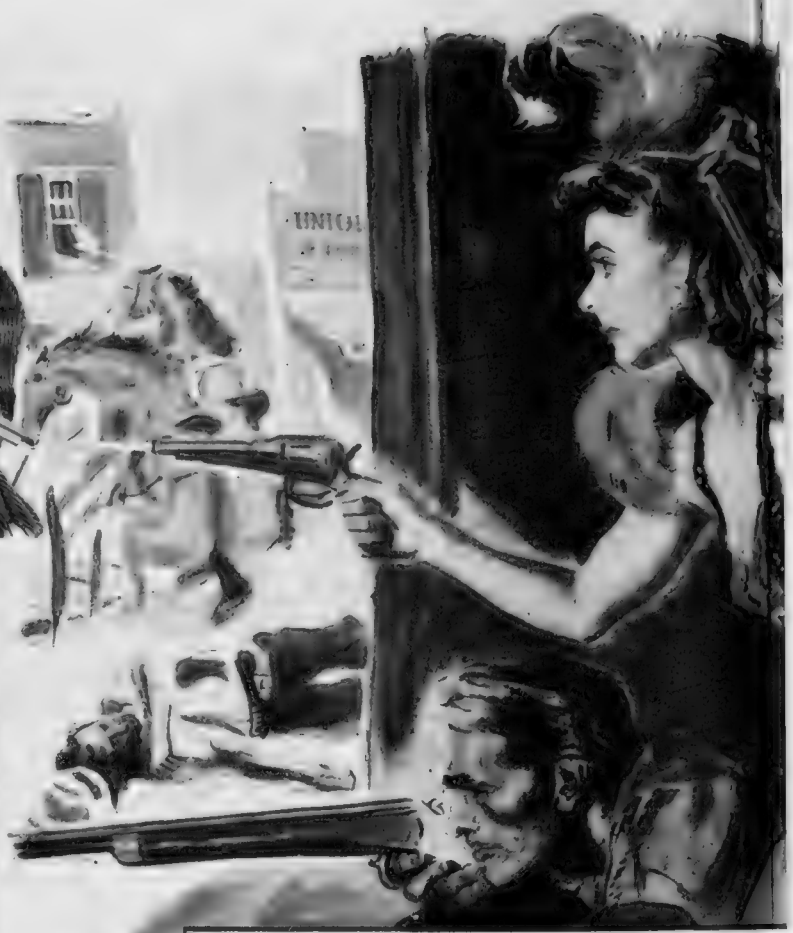
"Sing what they taught you at Sunday School, Tony."

Tony grinned mischievously. He sang, but it's extremely unlikely that the words originated in a Sunday School class—for what he sang was: "Pistol Packin' Mama!"

After his song, he ran off laughing.

No, you wouldn't know there was anything different about him—just to watch him actively at play.

Rose of The Cimarron, Famous Girl Bandit of the Oklahoma Territory and Two-Gun Mascot of Bill Doolin's "Wild Bunch."



HOMESTEAD HELL AND HISTO

Deputy Bill Tilghman, Whose Six-Shooters Helped Wipe Out the Doolins.

By COL. H. EDWIN MOOTZ
Oklahoma Boomer, Pioneer Editor, Indian Scout and Deputy U. S. Marshal

CHAPTER III

AFTER the Oklahoma Boomers began to get settled things got hot for the old time rustlers and outlaws. Because of the dangers and lean pickings in their old line a lot of them took to robbing trains and banks.

That was the day of the Daltons. And they came a-foggin', as we used to say when a fellow was burnin' up his gunpowder.

But that particular gang didn't last long. They met their doom when they staged a double bank hold-up in Coffeyville, Kan. After a bloody battle in which the whole town took a hand, all but one of the mob was wiped out.

With the Daltons gone, a lot of folks figured the grip of the outlaws was smashed for good.

But it wasn't, not by a good many gunfights.

Bill Doolin took up the outlaw reins after the Daltons' day ended. He had played in luck at Coffeyville. A lame horse kept him from getting there in time to get killed.

But as soon as he was safely back in the wilds of the Territory he sent out a rallying call. In a few weeks the worst lot of desperadoes in the West was holed up in the outlaws' cave on the Canadian, every one of them honin' to shoot it out with every marshal he saw.

We called them the Wild Bunch.

There was Bitter Creek Newcomb, Red Buck, Arkansaw Tom, Little Bill, Tulsa Jack, Dick West, Dynamite Dick and Charlie Pierce. Bill Dalton, the last of the Dalton gang, joined the Wild Bunch.

Within a couple of years the Doolin gang robbed a dozen banks and trains, led the marshals on the wildest manhunt Oklahoma ever saw, and still had plenty of time for a lot of love-making.

Bill Doolin's romance was the strangest match of all; a romance of a bad man and a good woman.

Edith Ellsworth, the daughter of a preacher at Lawton, was as pretty as a spring flower. She could have corralled the best man in the Territory. Instead, she fell in love with the toughest. It was a love that lasted through all of his lawless deeds right up to the night she fell weeping across his riddled body.

There was a $5,000 price on Doolin's head. He had been a cowboy when he came to the old Indian Territory. Then he turned rustler and horse thief. But when the Boomers swarmed into Oklahoma he took to train and bank robbery.

He couldn't write his name, but his dashing looks and the devil in his eye won the heart of Edith Ellsworth the very first time she met him.

She knew he was a hunted man, but he was a hero to her, and when he begged her to marry him that night, her father tied the knot right there.

Edith stuck by her renegade mate to the finish. And he was just as true to her. I know of many a time when he made long, dangerous rides just to spend a few hours with her.

While he slept on those secret visits Edith would sit by the window with a rifle across her knee, ready to shoot anyone who might harm him. She would have given her life for him, but she didn't have any hankering herself for the outlaw trail.

There was another gal, though, who was different. That was The Rose of The Cimarron. She was the queen of Doolin's Wild Bunch.

She didn't know there was anybody in the world except outlaws and rustlers till she was grown.

Pretty and clever, she could ride and shoot like a Comanche. And that's just what she did during the outlaw years. When she wasn't riding with the pack she spent her time as a dancehall girl.

ROSE was with the Wild Bunch at the Battle of Ingalls, the toughest fight they ever had, and she was right in the middle of the smoking six-shooters.

Doolin's raiders were sweeping through the Territory like a Kansas tornado, robbing banks and trains, and killing anybody who got in their way.

Time and again the marshals tried to track the outlaws to their hidden cave, but always lost the trail when they got into Hell's Fringe, as we called the badlands where the Wild Bunch took cover.

The desperadoes thought they had the marshals so well buffaloed that they started hanging around the little town of Ingalls, an outpost on the edge of the Creek Nation, not very far from their cave.

The only two-story building in Ingalls was the ramshackle Pierce Hotel, run by a woman named Mary Pierce. The Trilby saloon and gambling hall was the only other substantial building there. The other buildings were just shacks.

The Pierce Hotel and the Trilby were the favorite hang-outs. The outlaws, loaded with loot from their hold-ups, had plenty of money to spend. The dancehall gals at the Trilby separated the boys from part of their swag and the professional gamblers raked in the rest.

The Rose of The Cimarron used to join the gang there on their nights to howl.

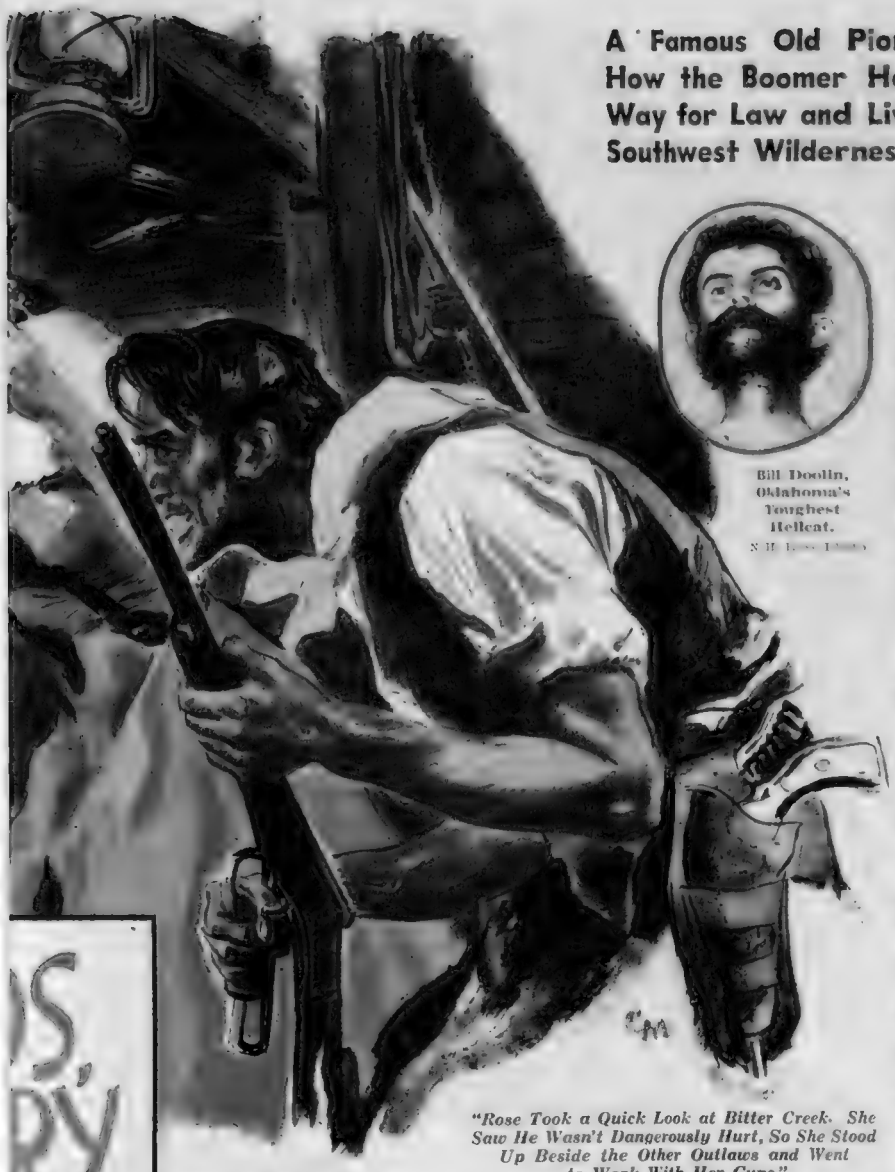
Deputy Bill Tilghman, nerviest manhunter that country ever saw, discovered the Wild Bunch was making Ingalls a stomping ground, and Marshal Ed Nix told him to round them up.

A few days later a band of grim-faced men jogged out of Guthrie and headed west, disguised as cattlemen.

In that posse rode Tilghman, Lafe Shadley, Steve Burke, an old stagedriver, later turned preacher, Tom Houston, Dick Speed and Jim Masterson, a brother of the famous Bat Masterson of Dodge City days.

Some of them traveled in a prairie schooner. The others were on horseback. That's the way a cattle outfit moved. After a couple of night-stops,

A Famous Old Pioneer's Saga of How the Boomer Horde Plowed the Way for Law and Living in the Great Southwest Wilderness—the Hard Way



"Rose Took a Quick Look at Bitter Creek. She Saw He Wasn't Dangerously Hurt, So She Stood Up Beside the Other Outlaws and Went to Work With Her Guns."

Bill Doolin, Oklahoma's Toughest Hellcat.

they pitched camp about noon a few miles from Ingalls. Tilghman sent Burke to town to look around. He was soon back.

"'Bout all the Wild Bunch is there, Bill," he reported. "Been whooping it up ever since they robbed that bank in th' Panhandle."

The marshals swung into their saddles and headed for Ingalls. At the edge of town, half the deputies covered the Pierce Hotel and the rest closed in on the Trilby, next door.

Then hell broke loose

Bullets flew in a steady stream from the hotel and from the doors and windows of the Trilby. The marshals returned the fire.

Bitter Creek Newcomb was the first outlaw hit. While the rain of lead was heaviest Doolin darted out of the Trilby, holding him up with one hand.

As they reached the door, a bullet from the posse struck Doolin. He and Bitter Creek both dropped but managed to crawl into the stable.

A minute later Dalton and Red Buck dodged across the street from the Trilby, ducking a hail of bullets. At the same moment, Tom Houston ran for better cover, and a bullet from Bill Dalton's rifle killed him in his tracks.

WHEN Bitter Creek went down outside the stable door The Rose of The Cimarron pulled on her fighting togs, for Bitter Creek and she were sweethearts.

Rose's outstanding characteristic was her loyalty, all right. Bitter Creek Newcomb was a dyed-in-the-wool ruffian, but he was the man she loved.

She buckled on a couple of belts crammed with cartridges, and grabbed a rifle. The marshals were riddling the door that led to the street. There was no other exit on that side.

Rose ran to a back window, tore a bed sheet into strips, quickly knotted them together, tied one end to a bed post, and lowered herself to the ground. A few steps took her to the corner. The livery stable was across the street, about a hundred feet away, and bullets were peppering the air.

That didn't stop her. She grabbed her skirts in one hand, gripped the rifle in the other, tore across the line of fire, and made it.

Rose took a quick look at Bitter Creek. She saw he wasn't dangerously hurt, so she went to work with her guns by the side of the other outlaws.

Bitter Creek moved to a slit in the wall just as Buck Speed, inching along, aimed at Rose, who had stepped to the door to get a better shot. The outlaw leader fired and Speed doubled up dead. Bitter Creek was boosted onto a horse. Rose mounted hers and the two galloped out together.

The rest of the bunch had worked their way to the stable by that time, jumped into their saddles, and fled. Tilghman and Burke closed in on the hotel. Tilghman demanded surrender. The answer was bullets. He and Burke squirmed up to the door and piled up rubbish.

"Don't start that fire," Mary Doolin yelled. Then she walked out. Arkansas Tom and Cattle Annie close behind.

Lafe Shadley was the first deputy to start after the fleeing outlaws. He came up with Bitter Creek a couple of miles from Ingalls. But Lafe didn't see Dalton slipping up a ravine to him late. Dalton killed him.

The Rose of The Cimarron nursed Bitter Creek back to health, and in a few weeks the Wild Bunch was pounding leather again. When the outlaws hit the trail Rose slipped back to Jim Lewis' squatter cabin on the Cimarron.

ONE of the first trips Bill Doolin made away from the outlaws' cave in the Creek Nation after the battle of Ingalls was a hard night ride to see his wife, Edith.

"Bill, I'm goin' to have a baby," she told him. "I wish we could go away from all this and have a home."

Sure enough, after the baby was born he began talking about giving up his wild life. But first he wanted to pull a few big clean-ups.

Because Bill Tilghman and his fighting partners were pounding the outlaws' trail so hard, the Wild Bunch skipped into the Ozarks country.

But it wasn't long before they were robbin' more banks, and Tilghman, Chris Madsen and Steve Burke were hot on their trail.

One daybreak, the manhunters looked down on the Doolin camp. The outlaws sighted the marshals at the same time. The Rose of The Cimarron was with them.

The first round of firing knocked her horse to the ground. This was Bitter Creek's turn to come to Rose's rescue. He wheeled and swung her up behind him, just as Red Buck's and Tulsa Jack's mounts were shot.

Red Buck swung on behind Charlie Pierce. Doolin tried to pick up Tulsa Jack, but a bullet from Tilghman's rifle ended Tulsa Jack's days.

Doolin held off the pursuers till his band reached cover. They met a few days later in the Cherokee Strip. From there they rode into Woodward.

They tied their horses and sauntered into the Palace Saloon. Rose loafed behind as lookout.

That night the bandits forced the station agent to open his safe.

The outlaws tied and gagged the agent, looted the safe of $10,000 and went back to the Palace, where Rose joined them. Then they headed for the hills

Next week Col. Mootz will tell the romantic story of White Rose, daughter of an Indian chief, who gave her life to save a white scout.

Bank in Coffeyville, Kan., Where the Dalton Gang Was Broken Up in an Attempted Robbery.

Chimp Babu Star Ready for Her Stage Debut

Meet "Margaret," the Six-Pound Glamour Puss of the St. Louis Zoo, Who Will Play the Heart Interest in "Monkey-shines of 1944"

By ROBERT A. HEREFORD

WHEN the chimpanzee troupe at the St. Louis Zoo begins its summer show it will present a new "chief star." She is Margaret, 2-weeks-old female chimp, whose mother is Alice, featured in "Monkeyshines of 1943."

Zoo Director George P. Vierling says the baby ape will be carried onto the stage by its mother. Jiggs, the father, also a star of the chimp troupe, will accompany the actress and chill and pass out cigars.

Margaret weighed two pounds when she was born February 15. She has gained like any healthy baby, and now tips the scales at more than six pounds. Margaret is the second chimp to be born at the St. Louis Zoo, the only other one born there dying shortly after its birth in 1942.

Alice appears to be as fond of her offspring as any human mother. She carries it on her shoulder, tries to teach it how to walk, and claps her paws to provide amusement.

The St. Louis Zoo chimp show has produced nationally-famous actors. There were Sammy and Billy, boxers, and Jocko, described by Director Vierling as one of the best chimpanzee performers. There was Yonnah, the gorilla, whose lumbering antics evoked laughter from the Zoo's many audiences.

Margaret, the Chimp Pin-Up Girl, Mugs With All the Confidence of a Hollywood Actress.

Alice, Margaret's Mother, Has Become Widely Known as a Veteran of Comedy Parts.

The Pint-Size Prima Donna Already Has Shown a Fondness for the Bottle, But Her Tipple Is a Type That's Perfectly Proper and Is Nourishing.

Besides Learning How to Act, Margaret Is Being Taught the Rudiments of Acrobatics. The Youngster Loves to Exercise.

"A girl's best friend is her Doctor!"

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Of course he did! And not just because of its bright, sunny color or wonderful flavor, as you might think. Youngsters need orange juice *to grow on!* Doctors say... every day a little bit diluted for babies, 3 to 4 ounces of straight juice by the first birthday, and 6 to 8 ounces at six years.

Grownups, too, gain health benefits from drinking orange juice, because oranges are the best practical source of vitamin C. We all need lots more C than any other vitamin. And we must have it daily to fight fatigue and infection, protect teeth and gums,

and keep feeling *young!* One 6 to 8 ounce glass of fresh orange juice supplies our daily quota of vitamin C, plus a healthy bonus of A, B_1, B_2 (G), calcium and other needed minerals.

So everyone should enjoy oranges in some way—every day!... in golden juice for breakfast... in cool, tempting salads and desserts for lunch or dinner... with a sweet, juicy orange for plain, good eating *any time!* All of which proves—as our young lady friend suggests—that vitamins can be wonderfully delicious as well as wonderful *for* you.

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Crude Native Drawing of "Kou."

Slowly Mabo Raised the Sacred Spear Above His Son's Breast.

Slew His Own Son to Bring on Rain

Liberian Devil Worshipers Insure Marital Happiness by Using This Grotesque Mechanical Statue to Strangle Child Sacrifices.

By WILLIAM SEABROOK
Explorer, Author of "Jungle Ways," Etc.

The Old African Witch Doctor Believed He Could Bribe an Angry God and End the Drought, But Went to Jail Instead

HUMAN sacrifice is the oldest of all ways to placate gods or demons. Children were slain on the altars of Baal and Moloch, high-born virgins by the Aztecs, and by priests of the Incas in Peru. Sometimes in drought or famine the priests' or kings' own children were sacrificed. Even in the Bible, Abraham had his knife raised to sacrifice his son, Isaac, when an "Angel of the Lord" stayed his hand.

But no angel came in the nick of time, and the British police of Johannesburg, South Africa, arrived too late at a recent identical sacrifice in the Drakensberg Mountains.

The father was a powerful witch doctor named Mabo and the victim was his best loved son, a child of four. The tribe lived on a plateau scorched by drought, facing famine unless rain came. All other magic had failed, and the stern old fanatic said, "My son must die to melt the rain god's heart."

The weird, awful drama occurred at a stone altar on a peak in the presence of a thousand reverent natives.

As the chanting procession wound up with drums, music, long wooden trumpets, the little boy, bedecked with bright beads and ostrich plumes, was carried in a throne-like chair, high above the shoulders of the throng. He was gay, prattling, laughing, imagining it was a happy holiday.

Next came the witch doctor, his father, in a fantastic, huge, impersonal demon mask, with priests bearing bowls, cattle horns, implements of rain magic.

Arriving at the altar the child was bound prostrate on it. The rain god was invoked and Mabo, still demon-masked, raised the sacred spear.

In the instant before he struck, he suddenly tore away the ritual disguise with his left hand, exposing his tear-stained face, and cried in a loud voice, "Now let the sky weep with me," as he plunged the sharp weapon into the little child's breast.

The spurting blood was caught in calabashes and transferred to bullock horns, which were planted in the parched earth. The body was dissected for "rain medicine."

When mounted police rangers arrived, the remains were still smoking on the altar. Mabo was arrested, witnesses seized and taken by the police to Johannesburg.

In court Mabo said, "I loved my son, but believed that if I sacrificed him it would bring rain and save my people from starvation."

Child murder is horrible, no matter how sincere the superstitious perpetration, and Mabo was sentenced to death. Shocked white judges were convinced the old priest was utterly sincere, but human sacrifices still occur too frequently in some parts of Africa.

But for the Intervention of an Angel, Abraham Would Have Sacrificed His Son, Isaac.

Crueller and more revolting are the practices today of Liberian devil worshipers, who slaughter children as "wedding presents" to insure marital happiness, as reported by Explorer Marcel Homet. He penetrated to the dreaded Guerze country on a French scientific-photographic mission and exposed the monstrous horror.

When the daughter of a chief marries, a priest is paid to fatten a slave-child, little boy or girl, who is killed and cut up. The flesh is eaten at the feast, the blood used in incantations to placate the demons Jude and Kou.

Homet risked his life to photograph the queer death chair in which the victims are immolated. Behind it is the carved, life-size wooden figure of a woman with a cruel face, whose mechanical arms and hands, set in motion by metal springs, move to grasp the victim's throat and strangle him. But the strangulation, Homet says, is actually effected by the medicine man with the aid of a thin cord.

I know from long sojourns in Africa that crooked witch doctors often depend more on their own criminal trickery than on the supernatural power of demons and sacred gadgets.

Two-Faced "Jude."

In 1930, exploring the Ivory Coast jungle adjacent to Liberia with official French government sanction, I witnessed and reported the piercing of two little girls with swords by Yafouba sorcerers in a strange manner which they insisted was pure super magic and did not involve the death of the children.

The two little girls, adorned like tiny princesses, to my horror, were tossed into the air and caught on sword points. Their pierced, quivering bodies were carried on the swords to a temple of the serpent-god Damballah, from which they seemed presently to emerge alive, unhurt. I suspected the evil truth, but couldn't prove anything.

But I made my troubled, worried report, and a year later at the same annual ceremony, they were caught red-handed by a platoon of Senegalese gendarmes led by Military Administrator Francois Clouzet.

The sorcerers hid the bodies for their own foul use and the "resurrections" were faked, fooling even the natives.

But the Drakensberg father who slew his son really was sincere in his belief.

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Grief Banished by Electric Shock

Mild Electric Currents Passed From Temple to Temple Chase the Demons of Despair From Tragedy-Sickened Minds.

"Grief," the Ailment No One Escapes, Symbolized By St. Gaudens.

Science Can Now Send Relief for Sorrow and Worry Over Mind-Healing Wires

By GOBIND BEHARI LAL
Noted Science Analyst.

IT'S THE rare individual who goes through life without some tragic experience—the death of a loved one, break-up of a home, or perhaps just having a friend who proves faithless. While some persons are geared to take these hard [illegible] form of grief.

Now these [illegible] can be shocked painlessly out of such troubles with a mild electric current. Electrodes attached to the sufferer's head send a charge from temple to temple, and actually restore a normal, tranquil outlook on life.

Science is timely with its discovery of a way to cure sorrow. Now millions of households feel the nearness, if not the presence, of grief—in the form, particularly, of telegrams from the War Department.

Medical experts now can help cushion the hurt. Dr. Abraham Myerson, a leading psychiatrist, who is associated with Harvard University and Boston State Hospital, tells about it in a recent issue of the New England Journal of Medicine.

It has worked where psychotherapy, drugs, hormones, vitamins and kind words seem to have failed.

The Shock Treatment Aids Sufferers From Abnormal Grief, Medical Experts Believe, by Causing Some as Yet Unknown Physical Change in the Brain.

After Boston's Cocoanut Grove Fire 69 Cases of Acute Grief Illness Were Discovered Among Relatives of Victims.

The treatment, as described, is simple, requiring electrical energy comparable with that used for a 100-watt lamp, which means that current of 80 to 120 volts, of one-third to one ampere, passes through the head. It is done with timing of one-tenth to two-fifths of a second. That's all there is to the treatment.

Writing in the Journal about his accomplishments, Dr. Myerson said:

"All of the four cases, all women we treated, were characterized by an intense and prolonged grief reaction following a recent bereavement."

One woman was 48. Her only son died under tragic circumstances. She felt that it was her fault.

Dr. Myerson described her condition as "an increasing, agitated depression, with obsessive thoughts and compulsive acts." The electric shock treatment worked.

A woman of 52 was the clinging-vine type. When her husband died she was severely depressed.

Medicine couldn't aid her. She had ten shocks without improvement. Family and friends despaired. But then her memory returned and with it a normal determination to live in the present.

A music teacher was 48 when her husband was killed in an accident. She had been a cheerful wife and mother. The sudden death wrought a depressive change. Once she became so depressed she tried suicide.

Confinement in a state institution was unproductive of remedy. The woman was discharged with a diagnosis of "reactive depression." She became a recluse. Dr. Myerson gave her the shock treatment and after five jolts on alternate days she was laughing again.

A matron of 28, intelligent and civic-minded, faced a servant problem. She usually stayed home, with her baby. One evening, however, she left him alone for a few hours. When she returned the infant was dead in his crib, suffocated.

In her grief, she, too, became self-accusatory and lost interest in activities that previously had occupied her. Two shock treatments restored her.

Treatment by shock was first used in cases of psychosis by Italian scientists seeking an effective way to combat mental disturbances. In this country, Dr. Lothar B. Kalinowsky, a member of the staff of New York State Psychiatric Institute and of Pilgrim State Hospital at Brentwood, N. Y., has had singul[illegible]

But Dr. Myerson has applied it to another field, in[illegible] clining to the opinion [illegible] Dr. Eric Lindemann, psychiatrist of Massachusetts General Hospital, Boston, that acute grief really is a disease.

After the catastrophic fire in Boston's Cocoanut Grove, in which nearly 500 persons perished in 1942, Dr. Lindemann made a study of 69 cases of "grief sickness" among relatives and friends of the victims. He found all suffered common symptoms, such as "tightness of the throat, choking and shortness of breath, an empty feeling in the stomach, lack of muscular power."

Disease or not, Dr. Myerson has found a way to relieve it—to return those plagued by sorrow to useful pursuits and reinstate them as good companions.

The immediate result of the shock treatment is convulsion of the body. But it lasts only a short time and the patient retains no memory of it. But hope replaces pain.

Dr. Myerson doesn't know just why the shock works. It is his belief it has nothing to do with the mind. He thinks that "physiologic reactions of an unknown type take place, and this is the basis of recovery."

But it's a proved gloom-chaser.

The Case of The Exploding Battleships

Slowly, Painfully the Medium's Lips Mumbled the Story of How Louis Cadiou Was Slain. Then She Told Where His Body Would Be Found, Buried in a Shallow Grave Beside a Canal.

The Blowing Up of the "Liberte" and the French Fleet in 1911 Was, Perhaps, an Echo of Cadiou's Death.

From The American Weekly's recollections of famous crimes that mystified us in the past, and challenged our best detective genius.

By THEODORE ROSCOE

AFTER spending the Christmas holiday with his pretty wife, Louis Cadiou, an industrialist of considerable wealth, left Paris on December 28, 1913, on a business trip to Landerneau, a village near Brest, the great French naval base.

It was nothing unusual for Cadiou to take such a trip. For he owned a factory in Landerneau, manufacturing a special gunpowder for the French navy. Madame Cadiou saw him off at the station, expecting him back the following day. It was the last time she saw him alive.

As far as the public was concerned, the disappearance of Cadiou, a typical French bourgeois with eyeglasses and a stiff collar, was commonplace enough. But the mystery deepened and evolved into a case of grave international implications that could be traced back to the blowing up of a large part of the French navy two years before Cadiou vanished.

When she received no word from her husband by New Year's Day, Madame Cadiou notified the Landerneau police. The police informed her that Cadiou was last seen on December 29, leaving the village with a package. Since that time there had been no trace of the missing man.

The police was baffled until, a month later, Jean-Marie Cadiou, the missing man's brother, went to Landerneau with a strange story. He had received a letter from a relative, Madame Sainby, living in distant Nancy, who, having learned of the case, had consulted a clairvoyant.

In the letter she explained that the seeress, Mme. Camille, after passing into a hypnotic trance, had said that Cadiou had been murdered with a blunt instrument by a tall, auburn-bearded man, who buried the body near the canal not far from the plant.

Although skeptical, Jean-Marie followed the canal bank as described, probing the thickets with a stick. Horrified, he discovered a mound only a short distance from the mill. Feverishly he began to dig—and discovered the crumpled body of his brother. A dreadful wound gaped in the back of the head and the throat of the dead man had been cut. Murder was evident.

Police officials summoned to the spot at once sent for the nearest country doctor to perform an autopsy. Failing to bring his surgical instruments, the doctor made the autopsy with a pair of pruning shears in dim light. His diagnosis of the perfunctory autopsy was that someone had struck down Cadiou from behind and then slashed his throat.

Suggested by the murdered man's brother, suspicion fell on Jean Pierre, an engineer in the plant, and he was arrested. In his cottage they found his pretty common-law wife, Julia Juzeau, and discovered a pickaxe and a large, billhook knife. Hair which had stuck to the pickaxe clinched the murder charge, although Pierre insisted that he had killed a cat with the pickaxe.

Other evidence, too, apparently was against him. Cadiou owed him back pay, and Pierre needed money. The package which Cadiou supposedly carried while leaving the mill was not found. It may have contained money which Pierre had taken after killing his employer.

Also, in Pierre's waste basket was found a letter from the French government complaining about the quality of the gunpowder produced in the plant. As an engineer, Pierre was responsible, and he might have slain his boss in an argument over it. What was worse, Pierre could not establish an alibi as to his whereabouts on the evening of December 29.

But bit by bit the "evidence" melted away. The police laboratories found that the hair on the pickaxe came from a cat. There was no blood on Pierre's knife nor any stains on his clothing. And a witness was found who testified she had seen Louis Cadiou in the village of Morlaix on New Year's day—three days after the supposed date of his murder.

Then an anonymous letter arrived, scoffing at the autopsy and concluding: "Examine the base of the neck. All the rest is so much camouflage."

After some delay, the body was exhumed on March 17. A skilled surgeon performed the second autopsy—and in its progress extracted a revolver bullet from the neck!

Pierre had a gun of the same caliber. Yet, although ballistic experts could not absolutely determine that the bullet was fired from his gun, Pierre was indicted for the murder on July 13, 1914.

Meanwhile, World War I broke out, and Pierre was permitted to volunteer. Decorated many times for heroism, he married Julia Juzeau in 1916. When he was demobilized in 1918, the police were still waiting for him.

He was tried on October 27, 1919, at Quimper. The defense produced a surprise witness, Tonnard, a carpenter, who testified he had been picked up on the road near the Grand Palus by Cadiou on December 31, 1913.

As they drove in the dusk past some bushes, six men suddenly emerged, fired at Cadiou and killed him. Tonnard was chloroformed. When he came to, he found himself clad in a new suit and $1,000 in the pockets. He was threatened with death if he told what he knew.

On the strength of this testimony Pierre was acquitted. But the mystery was not solved.

Delving into old records, two French journalists discovered that Cadiou had bought the business in 1909 from some Germans who had organized the plant in 1903. The Germans had to sell the business because the government insisted that a Frenchman manufacture the powder for the French navy. Evidence was found that the Germans themselves supplied the money for Cadiou to buy the plant. The plant was still owned by the Germans.

Then, on September 25, 1911, one third of the French Mediterranean fleet, including the cruiser "Liberte," blew up in the harbor of Toulon. The cause was traced to faulty "powder B." Many mills supplied this powder, and its source was not determined.

Did the bad powder come from Cadiou's German-directed mill? Was Cadiou a traitor or a dupe? These questions were never answered.

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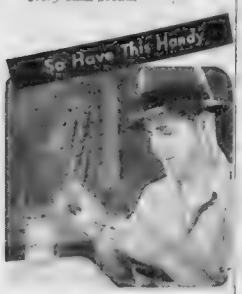

Curity SULFA-thia-zole HANDI-TAPE does *more* than *protect*. On contact with the moist wound surface, the sulfathiazole in the gauze pad is released to fight dangerous infection. Buy *several* boxes of Curity SULFA-thia-zole HANDI-TAPE today . . . for medicine chest, kitchen, garage, laundry.

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When You Do This at Night
For 10 minutes tonight, soak your sore, raw, itching feet in the rich, creamy lather of Syman Wonder Soap—and pat dry with a soft towel. Then smooth on plenty of medicated Sayman Salve—over the watery blisters, the painful cracks, the sore, raw skin. Do this for 10 nights and shout with joy for comforting relief. Two sizes, 25c and 60c. All druggists.
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HOUSEHOLD ALMANAC

Summer Lunches for War Workers

By FLORENCE BROBECK
Women's Editor

PACK your lunch [illegible] renews enthusiasm for work, and this is especially important during the summer's lazy weather.

Such lunches for active, working men and women need to be hearty. They ought to include thirst quenching fruits in addition to sturdier food, and the contents of the box must be varied from day to day to keep lagging appetites interested. Especially in summer, extra care in packing the lunch pays big dividends in freshness of the food and general satisfaction of the worker.

Pack for more than just the lunch hour; add a light snack to be eaten during a rest period, for such pick-up foods have been found particularly valuable in many plants in helping to maintain high production levels. These snacks can be energizers—crackers and cookies, some spread with peanut butter or jam and put together as tiny, crisp sandwiches, candy, a piece of ripe, sweet fresh fruit are perfect for this. These are small enough to fit into the corner of a lunchbox and they provide a large amount of energy to lessen fatigue.

Easier Packing

MAKE a lunch-packing center in the kitchen. Keep closed packages of fresh crackers, cookies, jars of peanut butter, and other non-refrigerator staples on the shelf near it. Keep handy to it waxed paper, paper napkins and cups, small glass jars with screw tops for salads and desserts, as well as the bread box and cutting board and knife.

Save one shelf in the refrigerator for ready sandwich spreads, salad dressings, whips, sandwich meats and covered dishes of leftovers which you can convert quickly into sandwich fillings.

Fold the edges of waxed wrapping paper under twice when packing cookies, sandwiches, crackers, cake, a piece of pie, doughnuts or anything else. The double fold prevents the paper from coming loose and the food doesn't dry out or lose its freshness. Pack heavy foods on the bottom of the lunchbox, lighter ones on top to prevent crushing.

Wash the lunchbox and the vacuum bottle daily with hot soap suds, and rinse them thoroughly in clear, hot water. Let them stand open and in the air to keep fresh.

Plan Ahead

SERVE double-duty meals at home. Plan supper with thought to leftovers for the next day's lunchboxes and the home lunch as well. Serve baked bean loaf, salmon and other fish loaves, liver loaf, so some will be left to slice when cold, or be ground fine for sandwich fillings.

Hard-cook several eggs at one time. Use one whole in the lunchbox the first day; chop others and mix with salad dressing and pickle for sandwich filling the next day; and use another on the third day mixed with left-over cubed, cooked potatoes and a little crisp bacon, and onion for a quick potato salad.

Grow chives on the window sill so that a few stalks may be quickly snipped for "onion" flavor in vegetable and cottage cheese salads and sandwiches.

Cook a chicken (Uncle Sam's nutritionists remind us that there are many more in the market just now than a few weeks ago); put one or two pieces in the lunchbox. Nothing tastes so good as cold chicken in a work-day lunch.

Summer Specials

MAKE coffee eggnog for workers who don't like plain milk. One egg beaten, equal parts of freshly made strong coffee and milk, sugar to taste, and the result is an energy-giving drink more substantial and just as refreshing as plain iced coffee or tea. Chill and shake it well before pouring into a cold vacuum bottle for the box.

Add one hot dish or beverage in a vacuum container to the lunchbox since this makes the food more satisfying than an all-cold meal.

Make a tomato easy to eat by cutting it in segments from its top to one-fourth inch from the bottom, so the individual pieces may be pulled off easily. Wrap it in waxed paper and don't forget to add a little package of salt.

Sandwich Combinations

Butter or fortified margarine should stand at room temperature a while to soften before spreading on bread. Good flavor can be added to sandwiches through special butters; for one kind, mix a little anchovy paste with butter; or add finely minced parsley, or chives, mustard, curry powder, horseradish or grated lemon peel to butter before spreading it on the bread.

Good Fillings

COTTAGE CHEESE and sliced radishes; on rye bread.

Liver sausage, chopped celery, Mayonnaise and a little horseradish; on whole-wheat bread.

Grind bologna sausage, add a few drops of Worcestershire, a little mustard, chopped celery, and Mayonnaise; on enriched white bread.

Cream lemon juice with butter; on sweet nut bread, orange or oatmeal bread.

Grind cucumber and mix with Mayonnaise; on enriched white bread.

Mince watercress, ripe olives and nuts, with a little Mayonnaise; on gluten bread.

Chop mint leaves and add to cream cheese; on raisin or Boston brown bread.

Grind American cheese and pickle relish and spread on whole wheat, cracked wheat, pumpernickel.

Chop walnut meats and add honey; for thin slices of cornbread.

Mash calavo or alligator pear, French Dressing, chopped chives or onion, and olives; on enriched white bread.

And don't forget the good commercial cheese and meat spreads.

Salads Give Variety

PACK a salad in a small glass jar with a screw top, or in a waxed paper cup with a top. Have salad ingredients chilled, then combine. Here are good lunchbox salads:

Flaked cooked fish, shredded cabbage, and salad dressing.

Left-over chicken, or meat, chopped ripe olives, salad dressing with a little mustard in it.

Kidney beans, hard-cooked egg, sweet pickle and Mayonnaise or other dressing.

Plain, very crisp shredded lettuce and Russian or Tartare Dressing.

Finely cut raw green salad of carrots, watercress, tomato, cucumber with slivers of cheese or meat, and a little French dressing. Or no dressing, just a package of salt added for the carrot straws or other raw vegetables.

Lunchbox Desserts

LEFT-OVER cake frosting spread between two Graham crackers.

Cup cakes cut in half, the cut sides spread with a mixture of jelly and cake frosting and put together again.

Thick, chewy cookies made with oatmeal, grated lemon peel, or raisins and currants.

Whole prunes, stuffed with a little cream cheese and nuts.

Bite-sized pieces of cantaloup, dark cherries, and a little fresh mint as a fruit salad.

Other fruits and berries in season.

Commercial bakery cookies or crackers, small packages of them.

Puddings or custards in small, waxed paper cups with cover.

Small fruit tarts.

Gingerbread.

Pack each lunch as carefully as you plan the home meals. Luncheon must take care of one-third of the day's total food requirements.

Use Plenty of Waxed Paper and Wrap Foods Carefully for Fresh Flavor.

ALMANAC CHARTS FOR EVERY HOUSEHOLD

WHY WONDER about how to utilize ALL the vegetables from your Victory Garden? There are Almanac Charts which show you how to serve them in many tasty ways and how to "put up" for future those you cannot eat now. Other charts to help plan menus.

Any of these charts is available for the price of a 3-cent stamp for each one ordered. They include:

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"Meatless Meal" Recipes
18 Almanac Casserole Recipes
21 Almanac Potato Recipes
20 Popular Salad Recipes
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Favorite Mexican Recipes
16 Favorite Cake Recipes
14 Favorite Bread & Roll Recipes
22 Favorite Hebrew Recipes
23 Almanac Preserves Recipes
20 Delicious Vegetable Recipes
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CLEANS 97 MORE WASHBOWLS*
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*Independent laboratory tests prove Old Dutch cleans 97 more washbowls per can than other cleanser tests! Why? Because Old Dutch has special grease fighter! So you get it out scratching! Get Old Dutch today!
CUBANIT
Pan Reducer
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New Chicken Recipes

A METHOD of broiling chicken which keeps it tender when it is cold, and makes it especially good for [illegible], is this:

Split dressed and cleaned broilers and spread them flat on the rack in the broiler. Sprinkle the chickens with salt and with a few drops of Tabasco Sauce. Mix a little melted butter or margarine with a tablespoon of honey and one half cup of top milk or cream. Set the pan in a very hot oven (450 degrees F.) and, as the chickens broil, baste them repeatedly with the butter mixture. As good cold as when hot.

Honey Fried Chicken

1 frying chicken (3 to 3½ pounds)
Salt, pepper
Flour
4 tablespoons butter
1 cup rich milk
½ cup honey

Cut the dressed and cleaned chicken into serving pieces. Season each with salt and pepper. Sprinkle lightly with flour. Arrange these in a [illegible] or roaster. Pour the melted butter over the top. Bake in a hot oven (450 degrees F.) for half an hour to brown; then reduce the heat to moderate (375 degrees F.). Mix the milk and honey and pour over the chicken. Let it bake at the same temperature for another hour or longer if necessary. Delicious served hot or cold.

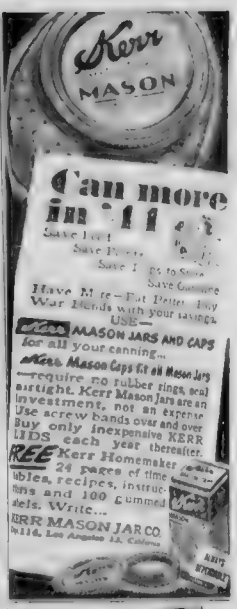
Deviled Eggs in Aspic

2 [illegible] cups
2 tablespoons Mayonnaise
½ teaspoon each of salt and pepper
½ teaspoon paprika
1 teaspoon mixed mustard
1 envelope plain unflavored gelatin
¼ cup cold water
1½ cups cooked or canned tomatoes
[illegible] teaspoon salt
[illegible] teaspoon sugar
1 teaspoon scraped onion
Worcestershire Sauce

Cut the eggs in half lengthwise, remove yolks, and blend them with the Mayonnaise, salt, pepper, paprika and mustard. Refill the whites. Soften the gelatin in cold water. Add salt, sugar, onion and Worcestershire Sauce to the cooked or canned tomatoes, and cook for ten minutes. Strain off the liquid, add the softened gelatin, and stir until dissolved. Let it cool. When the gelatin mixture begins to thicken, place one-half of the deviled eggs in the bottom of a loaf mold, which has been rinsed in cold water, then pour the gelatin mixture in. Chill it until firm and unmold on a chilled plate garnished with salad greens. Serve with Mayonnaise. Six servings.

Send for Free Lunchbox Menus and Recipes

THERE wasn't room to include the lunchbox menus and some of the good sandwich recipes on the page of summer lunches for war workers. Send a stamped addressed envelope for your free copy. Address Household Almanac, American Weekly, 235 E. 45th St., New York 17, N. Y.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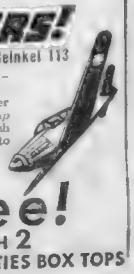

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EACH PATTERN together with a needlework pattern of useful and decorative motifs for linens or garments, TWENTY CENTS.

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Due to customs restrictions, Canadian orders cannot be filled

3 Quick Tricks — Slick for Summer!

COOK WITH CRISCO! No other shortening does so much to make wartime meals EXCITING and DIGESTIBLE!

Warm days call for "short-order" dishes Can you whip up quick meals that are *exciting* to eat? Easy to digest? It's easy with Crisco! ,

It's True! Crisco does *more* for your cooking than any other shortening For Crisco has a special cooking secret. It gives you *lighter*, more tender cakes. A sure way to get flaky, tender pie crust *every time*. And with Crisco, there's no need to worry about digestions. Even Crisco *fried foods* are so digestible children may eat 'em.

Begin Today! Make *lighter*, mouth-melting Gingerbread with Crisco! Fry those Liver Sausage and Tomato Slices in Crisco and you'll *know* they're digestible. Any time a recipe calls for shortening—reach for *pure, all-vegetable* Crisco and be *sure!*

Fried Liver Sausage

Dip thick slices of liver sausage in seasoned flour. Fry quickly until brown in hot skillet containing enough Crisco to cover bottom. Remove and fry tomato slices. Arrange on platter with liver sausage. No need to worry about digestions when you fry with Crisco! Foods fried crisp and brown in Crisco are digestible—even for children

Pecan Praline Gingerbread

½ cup Crisco
½ cup sugar
½ cup molasses
½ cup boiling water
1 egg
1½ cups sifted flour
½ tsp. salt
½ tsp. baking powder
½ tsp. soda
¾ tsp. ginger
¾ tsp. cinnamon

Blend together Crisco, sugar and molasses (Crisco has a special secret that gives you lighter cakes than those made with even the most expensive shortening). Beat in egg. Sift dry ingredients together and stir into first mixture alternately with water, beat until smooth. Bake in 9" x 8" Crisco-ed pan in moderate oven (350°F.) 30 min. Remove cake and sprinkle top with mixture of ¼ cup brown sugar, 2 tsps. cinnamon, 3 tbsps. flour, 3 tbsps. Crisco and ½ cup chopped pecans. Return to oven and bake 5-10 min. longer. All Measurements Level.

Skillet Stuffed Peppers

6 medium-sized green peppers
1 cup spaghetti, broken fine
½ cup chopped onion
½ cup chopped celery
½ cup chopped left-over ham (or other meat)
3 tbsps. Crisco
2 tsps. salt
1 tsp. chili powder
1 cup tomatoes, pulp and juice
Sliced carrots

Cut tops from peppers. Remove seeds and fibers. Let stand in boiling water for 10 min. Cook spaghetti in salted water. Fry onions, celery and ham in hot melted Crisco. (Use pure, digestible Crisco for all your frying. No heavy smoke or smell. No need to worry about digestions.) Add spaghetti, fry till lightly browned. Add seasonings and tomatoes. Fill pepper cups with mixture. Stand peppers upright around edge of skillet. Fill center with sliced carrots. Cover bottom of pan with water ½ inch deep. Cover skillet and cook slowly 35-45 min. or until peppers are tender. All Measurements Level. Serves 4-6

Crisco

9 OUT OF 10 DOCTORS SAY:

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Joe limps along from night 'till morn Suffering tortures from his corn

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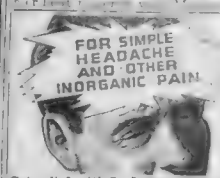
Learn to beat the heat with Mexsana, the [illegible] powder. You'll [illegible]



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Easy Way TINTS HAIR as it shampoos

This discovery, Tintz Color Lake Shampoo, washes out [illegible] dandruff, grease and safely [illegible] hair a smooth, colorful tint that [illegible] with life and lustre. Don't put up [illegible] dull, burnt off-color hair a [illegible] longer. Tintz works gradually [illegible] shampoo leaves your hair more colorful, lovelier, softer, easier to manage. Full cake only 50c. No dyed look. Won't hurt permanents.

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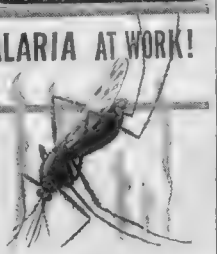

Quick! Get the Flit! Don't waste a minute. That mosquito buzzing around your room may be Anopheles . . . the mosquito that takes a swig of your blood and leaves the chilling-burning miseries of malaria.

Now more than ever, you should keep FLIT on hand. For it helps protect against the carrier of this energy-sapping disease . . . at a time when every American needs his full energy to help win the war.

So don't wait. Spray FLIT on stagnant water and in dark corners where Anopheles breed and lurk. Spray it on every mosquito you see. It's an easy way to kill 'em quick. Buy FLIT, *today!*

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His Leg Came Back

When the Ailing Skipper Saw the Leg He Had Lost at Sea He Nearly Jumped Out of Bed and Threatened to Walk Out of the Hospital Within a Week.

"MY LEG! My leg!" Old Captain Bill Clendaniel was [illegible] at the top of his [illegible] lungs. Crew members, who came running on the double, found the skipper under the wreckage of a smashed cargo boom.

"Your leg seems all right, Captain," said one of the seamen. "Where does it hurt?"

"Not that leg, you fool!" shouted Clendaniel. "The wooden one. It's caught..."

The stricken ship, broken in two in a North Atlantic storm, was settling rapidly. The captain refused to be moved unless his wooden leg went with him.

THE SEAMEN worked feverishly to free the peg leg. Finally, with the deck awash, old Clendaniel ordered the leg unstrapped. The skipper, who had had his chest crushed and his forearm broken by the tumbling mast, was carried by his men to a life raft.

For days the captain and his crew drifted on the sea. Although Clendaniel was badly hurt, his one concern was the leg he had left behind.

"It was a beautiful one," he told his men a hundred times over. "Solid and dependable. Made by the best craftsman in the business."

Finally the men on the raft were picked up. The rescuing ship dropped them off at Newfoundland. Clendaniel was rushed to the hospital. Doctors found he had five fractured ribs, a broken forearm and a cracked collarbone.

IT WASN'T long before everybody in the little seaside town heard the story of old Bill Clendaniel and his wooden leg.

"You'd think he'd lost an only son," was the way the head surgeon put it.

Then one day a Newfoundland policeman was patrolling the beach. He saw an unusual object bobbing in the surf. He waded out and picked it up. It was a wooden leg with a blue sock still on it.

He had heard the story of Clendaniel. It seemed impossible that his wooden leg followed him to shore. Nevertheless, the policeman took his find to the hospital. The skipper nearly jumped out of bed.

"Man alive!" he bellowed, "that's her. I'll be walking out of this place for sure in a week's time."

Caught a Fish—In an Egg

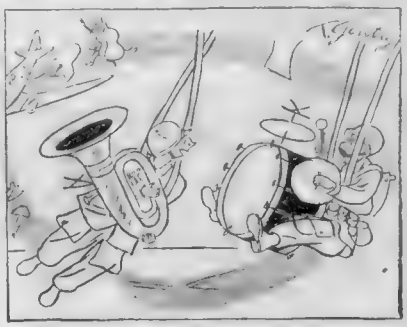
MRS. SADIE CORNETT of Liverpool, England, got the surprise of her life the other morning when, breaking open an egg to fry it for breakfast, she found a fish inside.

The funny creature, floating in the white part of the egg, was about an inch long. Its gills were moving, but they stopped soon after the minnow had been exposed to the air.

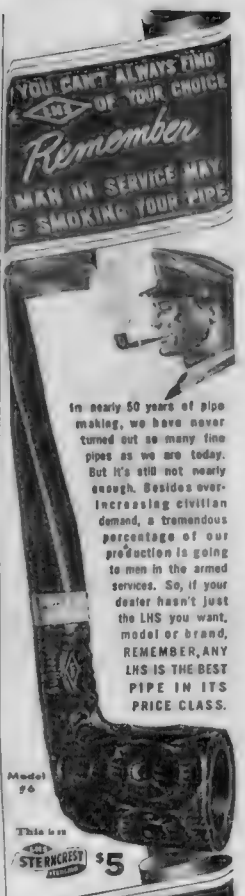
Mrs. Cornett called in some scientists. They went to the grocer where the woman had bought the eggs to learn where she had gotten them.

The puzzled storekeeper promised to co-operate and he did. He dug out the name of the producer and shortly thereafter the man had visitors who asked a lot of questions.

At the farm which had supplied the hen fruit, the scientists solved the mystery. The hens had been partially fed on a fish diet with astonishing results.



"And WHOSE Idea Was It That We Get Transferred to the Paratroop Band?"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In nearly 50 years of pipe making, we have never turned out so many fine pipes as we are today. But it's still not nearly enough. Besides ever-increasing civilian demand, a tremendous percentage of our production is going to men in the armed services. So, if your dealer hasn't just the LHS you want, model or brand, REMEMBER, ANY LHS IS THE BEST PIPE IN ITS PRICE CLASS.
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Wins *your taste!*

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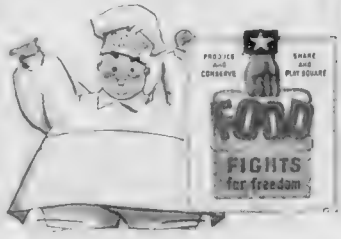
You'll discover Hi Ho Crackers are handy to serve as refreshments with all sorts of spreads and beverages... And if you want to add sparkling zest to your meals, try these crisp, golden-brown crackers with salads, cheese, cold cuts, and with main course dishes. Here's another advantage, they stay fresh for weeks.

Try Sunshine Hi Ho Crackers...*You* will win the praise of your whole family.



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No Maple Leaf Was Ever More Decorative Than the Cleverly "Etched" One at the Right.

ACME PHOTOS

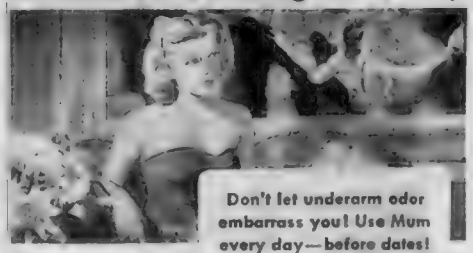
Skilful and Devout Work on the Green "Canvas" of a Lily-of-the-Valley Leaf Produced This Remarkable Portrait of the Saviour in a Meditative Mood.

MOTHER NATURE, in her mysterious way, is the most talented of artists. But she can't turn out leaves with pictures on them.

Brother Adrian Lewis, a professor on the faculty of New York's Manhattan College, has mastered this trick—and wants neither publicity nor profit from his hobby. He gives most of his etchings away and explains that the idea is not original. He developed it after watching insect pests eat away the leaf fabric.

Since 1914 he has been using simple sharp-pointed instruments to "etch" all sorts of designs—many of them of a religious nature—on leaves. These unusual artistic masterpieces take from two to six hours of delicate, difficult work.

Sitting them out—alone! Mum could have changed the story!



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Too bad! A pretty face—smart clothes—yet how quickly they can lose their power at the first trace of underarm odor! It's *wiser* never to take chances. Use *Mum* every day—after every bath! Your bath washes away *past* perspiration—but Mum prevents risk of *future* underarm odor. Guard your charm—keep popularity with Mum!

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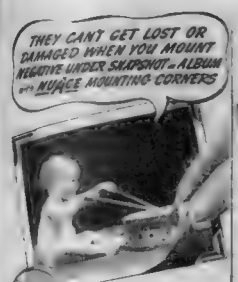

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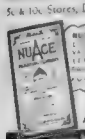

ACE ART CO., READING, MASS.

Top Tips for Summer

Long Bobs Are Kept Neat in Fetching Nets. A Top Knot Is Held in Place With Ribbons, Combs or a Bicycle Clip.

By URSULA TROW

MORE women can do less with their hair in summertime than at any other time in the year. Sun has a tendency to bleach, dry and streak the hair, making it unruly and difficult to work into a becoming coiffure. There are ways of getting around the problem, though, and here are some tips from those who know.

If you are outdoors much, wear a hat with a big brim or a sunbonnet to protect your hair. Never let your hair fade to crisp dryness when such simple protection is just a hat away.

After Swimming

AFTER swimming in salt water, either rinse or shampoo the salt water out of your hair. Salt does a great deal of drying damage to your scalp, and if you allow the sun to dry it into your hair you'll have a lifeless, sticky tangle.

Nothing can take the place of thorough brushing when it comes to hair health and cleanliness. But if the brush is to help care for your hair, you have to care for the brush. And that means washing it after each use.

The bristles of your hair brush should be long and strong enough to get all through your hair. It doesn't do your scalp any good if the brush softly rides over the surface of your hair. Hair parts better after a stimulating brushing. Hold your head down, almost between your knees, and brush downward all around.

Summer Styles

NEW hair styles are either extremely high on the head, or very low. For summer you may find it cooler to pile your hair on top of your head in an upsweep, or top knot.

To train straggly ends to stay up, brush your hair the first thing in the morning (as suggested above) and tie a ribbon around the top knot. For a finished coiffure later in the day, lacquer and small combs can be used to good effect.

For those who feel an upsweep is unflattering, hair styles have gone to the other extreme. Low pageboys and chignons, neatly and attractively held in place with nets and snoods, are very smart and youthful. The snoods and nets are particularly attractive when decorated with flowers or other ornaments.

An occasional oil treatment during the summer is wonderful for keeping hair pliable and soft. Your summertime care of the hair should be religiously adhered to with forethought to autumn hat styles.

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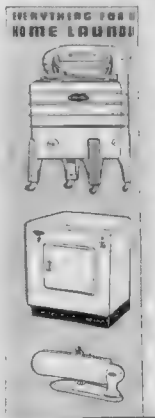

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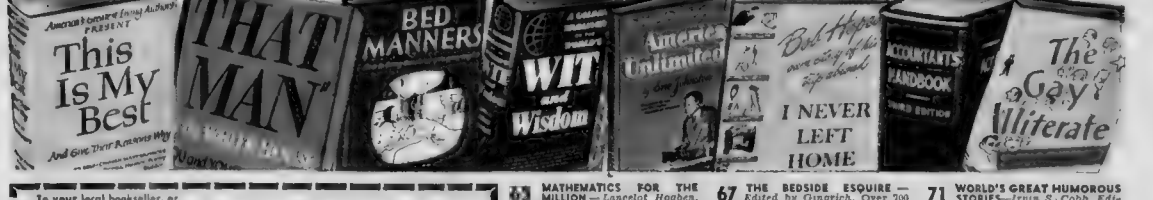

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BOSTON SUNDAY ADVERTISER
JULY 30, 1944

When Will War In Europe End?

A hard-hitting Yank gun helps blast the Nazis' fast-crumbling war machine.

Nation Must Beware of Perilous Optimism

By William J. Thatcher
Sunday Advertiser Cable Editor

WHEN will the end of the war in Europe come? Will it come to a sudden termination before the fifth year of the world-shaking conflict arrives on Sept. 1? Or will it be over by Christmas? Or next summer? Or the fall of 1945?

As the Russian armies sweep practically unchecked toward Warsaw and the border of the German Reich and the Allies press further and further up the Italian penninsula toward the Brenner Pass and the American doughboys and British Tommies clear the way from the invasion coast of France for the drive on Paris, the question of the European war's end looms larger in people's thoughts and in their hopes as cause for speedy jubilation.

That the final phase of the war is at hand, hardly anyone doubts, least of all the Nazis themselves. The Allied victories in France, Italy and Russia certainly mean that Hitler's doom is sealed but the big question in military and diplomatic quarters, as well as to the man in uniform and the man in the street is when will that final day arrive.

Notwithstanding the rosy picture developing from the past year of unbroken successes of the Allied forces, in all the fighting theaters, the end of the struggle may still be long delayed.

JOHNNY DOUGHBOY, between hurling grenades at the hedgerows in Normandy to snuff out German snipers, will stop long enough to lay you a bet that the war will be over anytime between next month and Christmas. And for the first time since the despairing days following Pearl Harbor, the men of the American fleets scattered all over the seven seas have become imbued with the conviction that the end is not too far away—closer, in fact, than they ever dared hope before.

In Moscow, in London, in San Francisco and in Boston, bets are being made and pools being organized on the date of Hitler's defeat. The calendar guesses range from the optimist who has a hunch that some day next month will bring V-Day, to that of the pessimist who selects a date in 1945 or even 1946.

It is possible to weigh and balance the various factors entering into the present situation and analyze those that make for a quick ending to the war and those that tend to prolong the struggle. These factors are military, economic, political, psychological and scientific. Most of these factors favor the Allies, a few favor the Germans, and consequently the answer does not stand out definite and clear.

The majority of the military and strategic factors point to a short war. The Allies hold the initiative on all fronts, on land, on the sea and in the air. On all fronts we have a great superiority of men and material, a superiority that is constantly increasing.

But with the exception of the Russian front, all our men and supplies must be moved by sea, either from Britain or from America and even on the Russian front, a vast stock of war material is constantly moving by sea to keep up the supplies for the Red armies.

GERMANY, on the other hand has the advantage of the interior position. The farther the Wehrmacht is driven back, the shorter grow its lines of communication.

This situation could tend to make for a prolonged war and there are those who believe that Hitler is planning on just such a move, still hoping that in the end, he will tire out the Allies, create a stalemate and force a peace that will be very much short of unconditional surrender.

But at this point the political factor has a distinct bearing on what might happen. Last week's upheaval in the Reich and the so-called bombing attack on Hitler, without any doubt, reveals that certainly all is not well within Germany. All we know about it is what the Nazis have been willing to admit and German broadcasts have failed to give anything like a complete picture of what went on or what is going on.

Dr. Goebbels' speech on Wednesday in which he announced that Germany's effort would go all-out for war, coming as it did, nearly five years after the start of hostilities, is a pretty reliable admission that the Reich has reached the bottom of the barrel in regard to manpower.

The incessant bombing by the Allies during the past year and a half has reduced the Luftwaffe to a condition almost bordering on impotence. The destruction from the air of vital war manufacturing plants has curtailed measureably the output of munitions. And most important of all, the deadly campaign directed at Hitler's oil supply is bound to have a tremendous effect on the ability of the Nazis to hold out many months longer.

HITLER and his gang of cutthroats for the present may possibly weather whatever is being done to dethrone them and it is even possible that under the direction of that pair of butchers, Himmler and Goering, the tempo of the German resistance may even be speeded up. If this comes to pass, and it is not unlikely, it could mean that months or even another year might elapse before the end.

If the Nazis are bent, as some believe, on continuing on an all-or-nothing basis, then the war's end becomes even more of an enigma. Apparently the Hitler crowd cares nothing about what happens to Germany in the event they cannot win. Hitler, himself, it is well to remember, isn't even a German but is an Austrian.

But there is still remaining in Germany, a large group of economists, bankers and industrialists who want to save something of the Fatherland for the years to come. If the present attempt to overthrow Hitler, which seems to be engineered by a group of Junkers in the army, fails, it is reasonably possible that the aforementioned group might be able to find ways to get rid of Hitler and bring about an early peace.

Despite all the political moves that are being made, both by Hitler and against him, the German army still is a mighty machine and is a long ways from being crushed completely. Although it is on the move backward on every front, it still packs a lot of power and can only be forced to surrender by a tremendous preponderance of men and materiel. We have that preponderance of men and materiel and eventually must win, but the more the foe's line

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Port of Missing Men Gives Up Two Lost Wanderers

By LESLIE WHITE

WITHIN the past few months, that fabulous bourne, "The Port of Missing Men," has startlingly yielded up two figures once famous in the news but now bent on leaving their careers in the uttermost obscurity.

One of these was literally dead for [illegible] modern Enoch Arden [illegible] was discovered [illegible] laundry truck in Hartford, Ct.

The other was a Boston millionaire and socialite in the sensational Love Farm scandal, turned up in an [illegible] near New York war plant.

But they had to have themselves [illegible] for [illegible] had [illegible] for [illegible] years.

[illegible] of the two [illegible] Commons, [illegible] the [illegible] of World War [illegible] of a [illegible] not [illegible]

Mr. [illegible] had been [illegible] he was [illegible] his name.

A week ago [illegible] Arden, [illegible]

THIS extraordinary dramatic story began in 1920 when Professor John Commons, a most eminent teacher, a most respectable married man with a small daughter, a hero of the First World War who had received the British Military Cross for bravery in the field and shows of Archangel—abruptly dropped from sight.

It was exactly as if he had vanished into thin air. His wife, Ellen, his father, and the university authorities started a wide search for him, but they never found a trace.

Finally, Mrs. Commons divorced him in order to obtain legal custody of their daughter, Anne. In 1938, he was adjudged legally dead and at least some of his life insurance money was paid.

So the eminent economist, Professor Commons was dead—dead as a doornail. There was no doubt of it.

One hot day in Hartford only a week ago, police and newspapers received certain mysterious tips that the professor's death had been much exaggerated—that he was, in fact, alive at that minute and in Hartford.

They found him driving a laundry truck.

HE HAD not changed his name; he had even registered with his draft board. But much of his past had gone clean out of his mind.

"I can remember being at the university and then my mind goes blank," he said. "My next recollection is being at a mental institution out West. I don't know how I got there or why.

"After that, I was afraid and uncertain. I went to work on farms in the Southwest but I really can't remember much about that either. I know I was gored by a bull on one farm. Then I must have drifted."

So he must have drifted for fourteen years and at the end, the eminent educator came to delivering laundry in Hartford.

When his father and his wife found he was alive, their reactions were quite different.

The wife, Mrs. Ellen Holland Commons, said she had no plans for a reconciliation with him, and was merely going on with her work as a government librarian in Washington.

THE FATHER, Dr. John R. Commons, now a man of 83, welcomed his long lost son with open arms and sent for him to come down to Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

"It's wonderful to be with you again, Dad," said the younger Commons, who is 53, himself, as they threw their arms about each other in the blinding glare of a Florida railroad station.

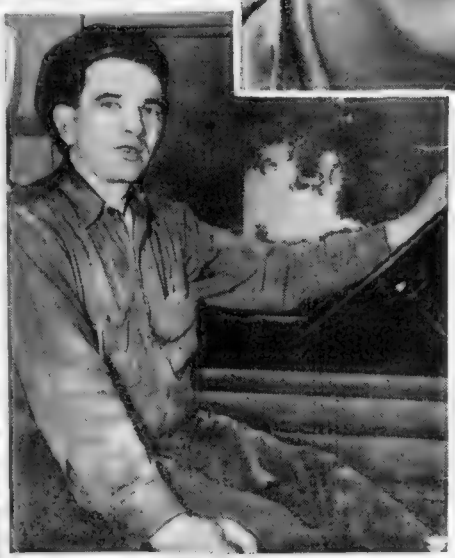
Perhaps later the ex-professor will go see his daughter at a girls' camp. But just now he's too stunned by coming back to life so suddenly.

And he's quite content to go on delivering laundry through the Hartford streets.

Whether he'll see his wife again is uncertain.

Says Mrs. Commons, "That's a long buried story now. I have a job and I'll go on working at it. There'll be no change in our lives."

Charles Garland (above), who vanished from love colony life to reappear later in a New York war plant. He was once a wealthy Boston resident.



John A. Commons (above) in the truck he was found driving at Hartford after being missing many years. Below, the former wife of Charles (Free Love) Garland.

Betty Hovey (above), once Garland's companion on a Massachusetts love farm.

As astounding as Commons' story is, it is hardly more so than that of the other survivor from the Port of Missing Men—Charles Garland, Boston millionaire who gave away two of his millions, established the April Love Farm, [illegible] North Carver, Massachusetts, and had a little brush with the police on a morals charge [illegible]

[illegible] years ago Charles Garland was a young [illegible] Boston. He gave away millions for social causes. [illegible] the court declared he died [illegible] Love Farm in Massachusetts and another in Pennsylvania with the most astounding young women under the most astonishing circumstances.

Nobody ever declared him legally dead, but he dropped out of the news as swiftly as he'd crashed into it.

And a few months ago, there he was at a machinist's bench in a tiny New York plant.

"A millionaire?" A. E. Edwards, owner of the plant declared in huge surprise when he was informed of his best mechanic's sensational past. "Maybe he is. All I know is that he's my best machinist and a steady worker, too. He hasn't missed more than five days' work in two years."

Socially [illegible] the [illegible] Youth, the experience of [illegible] the young man [illegible] money away.

Now he gets almost a dollar an hour and time and a half for overtime and lives a quiet, humdrum life with his second wife in the [illegible] suburb of Mt. Vernon, New York.

BUT IT wasn't like that some 20 years ago.

Young Charles Garland was a rich young man just out of Harvard—a young man with what seemed to be odd ideas. He didn't like being rich. He didn't want to have money.

So he gave it all to the Garland Fund, otherwise known as the American Fund for Public Service, which was to be used for various social causes.

Then he married Mary Wrenn of Dedham, a debutante whose father had once been president of the Boston Stock Exchange. To the horror of their friends, they went to live in a three room shack in North Carver.

That lasted just about a year. And then she went back to Dedham all by herself.

Young Garland still liked his wife, he said, but he didn't love her any more.

"Now I love Lillian," said he. "I intend to live with her here at North Carver as man and wife."

Lillian Conrad, it turned out, had been his mother's secretary.

But Lillian didn't last too long at April farm. She was supplanted by Doris Benson, a husky girl who had studied farming. She could milk cows and chop wood down on the farm and so she did.

MEANWHILE young Garland continued giving out interviews on his opinion of free love.

At about the time, another young woman, Alice Edgerton, appeared on the farm, the neighbors down at North Carver began to get a little restive. They didn't like having a "Love Farm" in their midst, and the fact there was a cottage on it "dedicated to love and soul development" seemed to leave them cold.

So young Garland moved on to Allentown, Pennsylvania, where he bought another property and called that April Farm too.

He was a first class farmer now and he planted acres of peach trees and made them pay. But, unfortunately for him, a group of young radicals—male and female—moved into his farm house also.

The Pennsylvania Dutch farmers were displeased. "There isn't a wedding ring in the whole lot of them," they said.

Presently, there was real trouble. A bright eyed young girl named Bettina Hovey came to live on the farm. She had a baby and the baby died.

Authorities haled Garland into court and charged him with being the father of the child. He admitted in court he was the father. So he was sentenced to 60 days in jail and fined $500 on a morals charge.

This was too much for Mrs. Garland and she divorced him in 1929.

MEANWHILE, when Garland got out of jail, he married Ursula Feist, who had been one of the last young women to join his little colony at the Pennsylvania April Farm.

And now, the stormy petrel who once denounced the practice of matrimony, may be seen playing with his two children or mending his little girl's bicycle beside a modest house on a modest street in a quiet suburban town.

He and his wife belong to the Parent Teacher Association. They buy their provisions at a cash and carry store. They live on an ordinary middle class budget.

And every day, he goes off to his work as a mechanic at a dollar an hour. It's a strange end to a stormy life—almost as strange in its way as the story of the dead professor who wasn't dead after all.

Prisoners of War Have an Enjoyable Time in U. S. Camps

By KATHERINE DONOVAN

STRICTLY speaking, they're prisoners of war—but in some of the less strictly managed prison camps in this country, the prisoners have had freedom to play, freedom to love, and even freedom to escape.

This is a situation which has brought resentful outbursts from citizens in various areas where the soldiers of the conquered nations have been found to enjoy privileges hardly covered by international law.

While not begrudging the surrendered prisoners the fair treatment which under this law, as agreed to by the Geneva conference, is due to these men of enemy and former enemy nations, there have been complaints that their prison life has been lightened by such recreations as champagne parties, beer picnics, and interludes of love with civilian young women.

Recently in Boston, at Camp McKay on the South Boston Strandway, some of the Italian prisoners went on a "sit-down strike," refusing overtime work. No sooner had Army authorities restored satisfactory labor relations when some of the prisoners tangled with Circus Beach bathers, with at least one camp inmate knocked unconscious. And as a climax, there was a far more hotly-contested free-for-all in which four policemen were injured.

BUT THE Boston problem at its gravest never approached the rampant "whoopee" in two prison camps in Colorado.

At the war prisoner camp in Trinidad, Colo., two brawny young Nazi prisoners undertook two extra-curricular projects, succeeding in one and dismally failing in the other.

Their first undertaking making love to three Japanese-American girls from the nearby War Relocation Center at Amache, Colo.—proved to be a very easy matter, and there were stolen kisses in the fruit fields, amorous assignations in the farmer's dell, and finally an illicit and unsuccessful joyride toward the Mexican border and freedom.

It was easy to make love to these accommodating little Nisei, the Aryan prisoners discovered. But escaping with their aid proved another matter, and the prisoners and their almond-eyed light-of-loves, after a four-tire blowouts near Wagon Mound, New Mexico, were captured by alert FBI agents and ignominiously returned to the prison camp.

Curiously enough, the two prisoners, Cpls. Heinrich Haider and Herman August Loescher, late of the outblitzed Afrika Korps of Desert Fox Rommel, will suffer no serious punishment for their attempted escape except curtailment of some of their liberties. The prisoner-of-war code recognizes that a captured soldier has a right to escape to rejoin his country and his regiment—if he can.

THE THREE Jap-American girls, Tsuruko "Toots" Wallace, Florence "Flo-Flo" Shivze-Otani and Shizara "Billie" Tanigoshi are all American citizens, and face serious charges of aiding and abetting the enemy to escape. It is a charge implying treason—and the penalty for treason can be death.

Asst. U. S. Atty. Ivor Wingreen, who is prosecuting the case, says that the two Nazi corporals have already kissed and told and will be the government's star kiss-and-tell witnesses at the trial of the trio whose Nipponese-inherited gift for treachery outweighed their sense of responsibility as American citizens.

Boys met girls, Wingreen says, in a fruit orchard where the nearby prisoners of war and the native-born Jap girls of the relocation colony joined during the fruit-picking season. Following some preliminary love-making, Wingreen further declares, the slant-eyed sisters, evidently enthralled by these husky exponents of the master race, procured maps, civilian clothing, flashlights, money, and a "borrowed" car.

WAC Pvt. Marguerite Franklin was caught exchanging love notes with a Nazi war prisoner. She was court-martialed with others for the Colorado incident.

German prisoners at a Colorado camp made love to Japanese-American girls from nearby War Relocation Center. Snapshots, above and right, of the prisoners and their sweethearts, will be used as evidence.

Contented Nazi prisoners prepare meal of choice foods. Others grumbled for menus printed in German so they would know what they were eating. Complaints on other matters have been frequent.

United in the joint urge for love and escape, the five amorous fugitives set out for Mexico. On their way they were indiscreet enough to take a few snapshots of each other in fairly intimate embraces — snapshots now in the hands of the government, and potential silent witnesses against the girls when their trial is held.

And if the little Nips, who incidentally are all married, thought for a moment that their Nazi boy friends would chivalrously protect them from the wrath of the FBI, they were sadly disillusioned. The Nazi boys who kissed have already told, and they show positive enthusiasm in the idea of testifying against the [illegible] at their trial.

HOLDING fast to the [illegible] Nazi ideology which relegates women to the slave class an ideology held with equal fanaticism by the Japanese, German prisoners feel that they owe the girls nothing. After all, they reason, they may be love for them, and that should be sufficient compensation for the risk.

Of course, if [illegible]

Nazi lover of this Japanese-American girl was caught after flight to Mexican border. She was identified from this snapshot found on the fugitive by G-men.

been in Germany or Japan, there is slight likelihood they would have been submitted to the inconvenience of a trial. A firing squad would have settled the matter with diligent swiftness, and doubtless, for good measure, the escaping sailors would have been shot, too.

Disloyal Japanese-Americans at the Tule Lake segregation center in California took the problem into their own hands. Presented to the Dies committee by Rep. Claire Engle of California was a report that the Japs at the center were operating their own disorderly house and obtained opium from outside sources.

According to Rep. Engle's charges, the Japs set up a virtual "yoshiwara" in the camp, similar on a small scale to Tokyo's notorious "red light" district, where girls are sold into slavery by their own families.

The camp prostitutes, most of them slant-eyed daughters of Nippon whose American citizenship had failed to efface their racial heritage of decadence, plied their trade from one section of the camp to another until they were finally segregated in a special district of the colony. Rep. Engle told the Dies committee that these girls also served as "runners" for dope pedlars outside the camp, and brought in a practically inexhaustible supply of nitrous [illegible].

It was at this same camp where a husky Jap prisoner attempted to force his way into the

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Will Sommer Murder Case of Mysteries Ever Be Solved?

By DAVID INGRAM

WHEN a rather uninteresting looking Cambridge warehouse goes under the auctioneer's gavel next month, few people will connect this unimposing piece of property with one of Boston's most sensational murder cases—the still unsolved slaying of Dr. Adolph Sommer, the eccentric inventor.

Even today, the files of the Sommer case read like a first-rate detective story, though there is no solution at the end. There are many mysteries in it—the mystery of the anonymous death notes—the puzzle of the vanishing suspect—the problem of the $5600 stuffed behind the steam pipe—not to mention the bitter fight of the widow, the German relatives and the lawyer for the slain man's estate.

Then, too, it is a case that has never really ended—there may be a new chapter in the news any day.

And the chief figure is still the 82-year-old inventor, who unlike most inventors, was a genius.

However, he was so quiet and inconspicuous that nearly no one knew he was a great chemist until he was dead.

ON A DULL October day in 1933, Sommer left the plant of the Viscol Co. on First st., Cambridge, to go to Lechmere sq. to get a $1330 payroll.

It was a purely routine matter for the old man and he took with him his chauffeur, Hans Bloomberg.

They got the $1330 and the old inventor was holding it in his lap in a paper bag as Bloomberg slowly drove the car back to the plant.

They turned into an alley in back of the building, and a light sedan shot past them and stopped suddenly. Four men jumped out of the sedan and one of them, a tall man in a light tweed topcoat, his eyes hidden behind smoked glasses, ran up to the inventor's machine with his right hand holding a suspicious bulge in his coat pocket.

Sommer, alarmed, held tight to the paper bag with one hand, drew out a revolver with the other. He swung open the car door and the tall gunman fired through his pocket.

It was all over in a second. The old man sprawled in the alley, dead; the payroll money spilled out of the paper bag.

THE GUNMAN took a snap shot at the chauffeur, missed, snatched $600 of the payroll money and missed the rest. He leaped into the small sedan and it roared away.

Face down in the alley lay the body of the man who had invented the art gum eraser and the Viscol process of waterproofing; the old man who lived on the second floor of his factory so he could keep his secret processes hidden; the man who even then was working on an ingenious gas mask which he hoped to give to the United States government as a token of his patriotism.

He was a very old man, a very important man, and now he was dead, shot down by a gang of gunmen for $600 on a dull October day.

The police went to work at once and they found out many astonishing things. One of them was that the old man lived in deadly fear of death from poison. Anonymous letters were found in his desk, warning that he would be murdered that way. Who wrote those strange letters is a secret that has never been solved.

Not much had been known about the old man when he was alive, not even by his nearest neighbors or business associates, but now it all began to come out.

Mrs. Adolph Sommer, widow of the slain inventor.

As Adolph Sommer, (left), aged owner of Viscol plant, stepped from his car, gun in one hand, payroll clutched in other, the leader of the holdup gang fired point blank.

(Drawing by Staff Artist Charles Schmidt)

Sale of Sommer's Viscol plant recalls sensational holdup-murder of 1933

HE HAD been born in the little town of Gralow, Germany, where his father and grandfather had been chemists before him. He went to the famous University of Heidelberg. He came to the United States, studied at the University of California, finally became a professor there.

It was on the university campus that he made his greatest discovery. One day, when a heavy rain was falling, he smeared his shoes with a chemical preparation to keep his feet dry. He had no idea whether it would do so or not.

He walked through the rain all day. At night, he found that no water had seeped through his shoes.

Back to Boston he came and in 1884, started the Viscol Company to exploit that discovery and others he had made. His business, small at first, grew by leaps and bounds. Before his death, he had developed 40 preparations which included varnish, oils and rubber products.

In 1902, he married Mrs. Emeline Roxana Harnden, a Maine woman who had been in charge of printing at the Viscol plant. Dr. Sommer insisted on living at the plant, and so they fitted up an apartment there.

HE SELDOM went out anywhere. He spent nearly all his evenings in his big gloomy laboratory deep down in the cellar of his plant. Finally, he did buy a farm in Tewksbury, where he could be seen walking through the flower garden and, presumably, thinking up more and more inventions.

While the police were delving into this background, they evolved the sensational theory that the payroll robbery had been merely incidental, that the aged inventor had been deliberately murdered by a hired gang of gunman and that revenge, and not robbery, was the motive.

A few days after the slaying, city and state police, nearly 50 strong, surrounded an inn in Wrentham and arrested two men and a girl as they sought to escape over a roof.

The girl—the Sad Blonde in the case—seemed to have very little to do with it when they questioned her. An unlucky vic-

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Love Troubles Of Peggy Fears Hit New Snag

By MARTHA MERRILL

ONE more financial headache, after many such ailments involving both money and love, now confronts Peggy Fears Blumenthal, the dark-eyed former Ziegfeld Follies beauty who married a millionaire but who has yet to enjoy his millions.

Peggy's latest money trouble is unique in legal records, because if she wins, she loses.

She is still waiting for the New York courts to decide whether she is entitled to $20,000 a year for life, which she contends was promised to her under a separation agreement by her estranged husband, Alfred Cleveland Blumenthal, stage and film magnate.

But when and if the courts award her this neat little sum, Uncle Sam is prepared to take a major cut in taxes. And to make matters worse and more complicated, the National City Bank of New York claims priority over both Peggy and the government, and is holding some of Blumenthal's stocks and bonds as collateral on a debt.

Recently Peggy won two judgments against Blumenthal for $54,000, and her application for enforcement of the judgments is due to be heard in Supreme Court in New York on Aug. 10. Only last week, however, U. S. Atty. John McNally announced that Blumenthal owes the government $17,500 in unpaid taxes, and he has assigned an assistant to be in court on Aug. 10 to see to it that this sum is collected first.

AS IF this situation were not sufficiently all fouled up, as they say in the Navy, Peggy is also suing the bank to obtain her husband's securities. And the bank retorts that Blumenthal, far from having any securities, owes them $21,153, including interest.

All this adds up to considerable money trouble, but is only the latest in a series of stormy financial crises which have beset Peggy during the past 10 years. And one romantic kiss down Mexico way came near costing Peggy all the money she is now trying to collect. For Peggy has had love trouble as well.

Peggy and Blumenthal were married in 1927, when Peggy was a svelte and stately Follies girl and when Blumenthal, well on his way to his second or third million, was a Broadway show "angel" and one of cafe society's most welcome spenders.

All went well until 1934, when romance and marriage lost some of the early enthusiasm, for both Peggy and Blumenthal. It was Peggy's contention at that time that during their separation her husband had "stowed away" on the Normandie, en route to Europe, with the serious intention of meeting the blonde and lovely June Lang of the films. A fellow-passenger Peggy said there was a rumor they were in love.

CONFRONTED with this rumor, Blumenthal retorted: "Me being in love with June is not a rumor. It's a fact. But she won't say yes."

Things went from bad to worse between Peggy and Blumenthal. She brought suits against him, after their separation; a suit in Delaware, where he was reported to be an owner of important property, and a suit in Norfolk Superior Court in Dedham.

In the Dedham suit, Peggy brought a bill in equity in an attempt to collect a $10,000 judgment granted in the Supreme Court at New York, and she named her estranged husband and a sister.

In her action, Peggy charged that Blumenthal had transferred to his sister a one-fourth interest in the Eastern Theaters, Inc., allegedly to forestall payment of the New York judgement. The Supreme Court denied her suit.

But meanwhile Blumenthal, in New York, had begun court action seeking to gain exemption from Peggy's claim for back alimony. He stated there had been a separation agreement, but that his wife, because of her conduct, had broken it. And pulling no punches, Blumenthal charged in his petition:

"My wife has openly and notoriously consorted, associated with and traveled with persons of ill repute, both men and women, publicly known to be such. And she has acted and comported herself with these persons in an improper manner, in that she has become intoxicated and acted in a loud and boisterous manner, using endearing terms to such persons. All in public and to my degradation and humiliation."

Peggy had a swift and stinging reply to this petition. She said:

"I've defied him to name these people. He's either doing it to frighten me or to make me accept a very cheap deal which, believe me, I won't."

THE COUPLE seemed to have come to an impasse, as far as love and money were concerned, but then came the alleged incident of the Mexican kiss.

After all their heart and legal trouble, and after all their financial battles, Blumenthal contends, they met quite by accident in Mexico City, and during a hot tropic night of a full moon, shared a kiss.

This kiss, Blumenthal claims, nullifies any separation agreement between him and Peggy. He asserts that it cancels any financial contract, and that whatever their difficulties, Peggy by that one kiss condoned and forgave.

Peggy has an answer to this, and the answer is in figures.

"Aside from the $20,000 a year he promised me," she says, "he still owes me $70,000 for past indebtedness."

The sum of $70,000 was first demanded by Peggy back in 1938, as a final cash settlement to their complex marital affairs. Blumenthal declared he would not pay her one penny more than $50,000, and Peggy answered:

"He's just trying to make a cheap business deal with me, but he can't swing it. It would be a good deal if he could get me to agree, but I'm not going to do it."

BLUMENTHAL'S answer was that since the depression of 1929, he was practically down to his last million, and that he was ready and willing to spend that rather than settle with his wife for the mere difference between $70,000 and $50,000.

And he brought a new action in the New York courts, on the unusual grounds that although his wife had sought legal separation, she still insisted that he return to her.

Peggy had an answer for this, again in figures. She referred to a prior law suit in which she had charged Blumenthal failed to live up to a signed agreement. And under the agreement, she charged, Blumenthal had promised her:

1—Alimony of $20,000 a year for life.

2—A bonus of $50,000 for not bothering him.

3—His Rolls Royce car.

4—The contents of his apartment at the Hotel Ambassador.

5. To pay off her creditors.

6. To pay the interest on a $31,000 loan on her jewelry.

7. To pay bills of doctors, nurses and hospitals.

In return for the agreement, Peggy promised not to harass or annoy Blumenthal, and to let him strictly alone.

ONLY A few months later, Peggy brought further [illegible] husband had paid her only a few thousand dollars on account, Blumenthal countered with the claim that Peggy had broken her agreement not to annoy him.

Peggy was so indignant when she learned of her husband's action that she further disturbed his comfort by demanding a cool million.

There was a reported telephone conversation between New York, where Peggy was then living, and Hollywood, where Blumenthal was on the way to another fortune in the films.

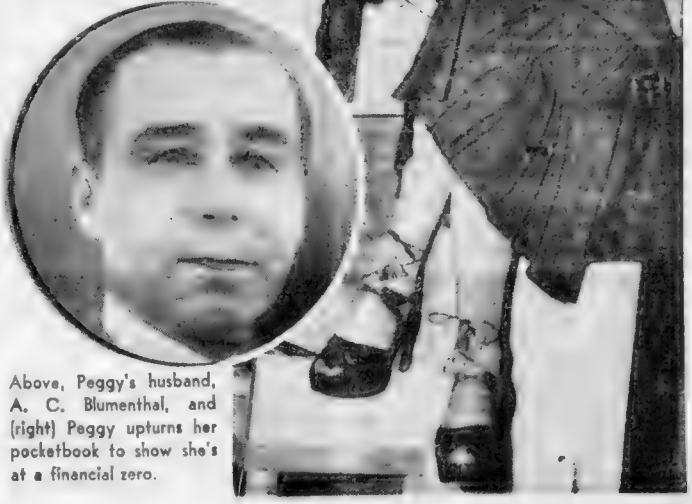
"How about $700 a week and call it quits?" Blumenthal is said to have asked his [illegible].

"That's pin-money, Blumy," Peggy is supposed to have answered. "I want a million cash."

Whether or not Peggy gets a million, or a mere pittance of $500 a week, or less, is still a matter for the courts to decide. And if she gets it, there is still Uncle Sam and the National City Bank of New York to be reckoned with.

It all adds up to another financial headache for Peggy Fears and Blumenthal, and so far there has been no cure.

Peggy Fears Blumenthal whose finances are thoroughly tangled in tax, bank and marital difficulties.



Above, Peggy's husband, A. C. Blumenthal, and (right) Peggy upturns her pocketbook to show she's at a financial zero.

Success Comes To Lew Ayres On Battlefront

By MARY X. SULLIVAN

LEW AYRES, once a highly successful movie actor, later a failure in the eyes of the world, has now found his highest success. He has found God, and in so doing achieved complete happiness.

All America remembers how shocked the public was when this popular young actor refused to fight for his country, thereby ruining his career. He was called a slacker, a coward and a traitor, because he declared himself a conscientious objector when called in the draft.

Today, in the steaming jungles of New Guinea, Lew serves his God and his country as a member of the medical corps to which he had asked to be transferred from the conscientious objectors' camp when the Japs struck their blow at Pearl Harbor.

It was there that Mark Hellinger, famous columnist, found the one-time screen idol. None of his former fans would recognize Lew Ayres today. He is 35 but he could be 50. He is graying swiftly and is very thin, and his skin is yellowed from the use of tropical medicines. Yet he is supremely happy.

Chaplain Bedford Smith of Sweetwater, Tex., Lew's superior, laughed heartily when Hellinger confided in him that he had half expected to find Ayres a little "screwed in the head."

"If Lew is the slightest bit crazy," he chuckled, "then there are any number of us around here in precisely the same boat. Because there isn't a worker around this spot, nor a patient, who doesn't think he's one of the finest men who ever walked."

Later Hellinger sat down at a table with Lew Ayres.

HE FOUND it hard to reconcile this tired, shabbily-groomed corporal with the boldly eyes with the intense youngster who had made his first screen success as a disillusioned German soldier in the screen film, "All Quiet on the Western Front."

It was even stranger to realize that here was the boy who had married two glamorous Hollywood actresses . . . first Lola Lane, eldest of the Lane sisters, and then Ginger Rogers.

He recalled, as he listened to Lew Ayres in New Guinea, how his former fans had reviled the boy who had the courage to refuse to bear arms, although offering to serve in any non-combatant capacity.

Theaters which packed in the customers with Lew's "Dr. Kildare" series suddenly banned his pictures. His erstwhile fan mail became a deluge of abuse and scorn. A few people applauded him, realizing that he had sacrificed his entire career for a principle.

LEW AYRES still stands by that principle, but he has proven that it was a principle and not a fear that dictated his stand.

"Please don't misunderstand me, Mark," he smiled. "I am not trying to found any new cult, and I haven't any visions, and I think I am practical in my viewpoints. The only thing I can tell you is that I have found God from within myself.

"Unless it is a religious effort without profit, I will never make another motion picture. There is too much to be done in this world; so very much that I cannot afford to waste one precious moment. Knowing what I know now, I must devote my entire life to helping others. And that is all I am going to do."

Lew," said Hellinger, "there have been so many stories as to why you did what you did, and why you feel as you do now. To my knowledge, you have never told anyone your real reasons. Would you care to tell them to me?"

And here was his answer:

"Ten years ago," he said, "I began to realize there was something wrong with my existence. Oh, I suppose I considered myself a Hollywood success. Trouble was, there was something radically wrong with that success. I had everything — and yet I had nothing.

"I had my books, and my lovely home in the hills, and my intellectual companions, and my music. But somewhere, somehow, something very important was missing. There were crowds around me, but I was lonely. And I couldn't understand why.

"I had always had an intense curiosity about everything, and about religion in particular.

"When war came, I tried to do what I thought was right. I became a conscientious objector, because I fervently believed that Jesus Christ would have been one, too. I still believe that—now more than ever.

"I told them I would not carry a gun, but that I would be more than happy to go anywhere in a medical unit. Medicine doesn't advance war, you see; it merely helps to heal the wounds of war. So after two months in a conscientious objectors' camp, I was transferred to the desert training center, in California.

"In January of this year, after a year and a half in the Army, I was a staff sergeant in receiving and evacuation in that same camp. I had studied a great deal more, and I had learned many things, but I was still dissatisfied. So I went to Chaplain Smith, whom I had grown to admire tremendously, and asked if I might become an assistant to him.

"He agreed, but pointed out that I would have to be broken from sergeant to private and start all over again. That made little difference, because I wanted to help others—and the humbler my rank in the beginning, the better my chance. So I became a private again, this time as a chaplain's assistant. And very soon I was overseas."

"MARK," HE went on, "I was over here about a month when something happened to me. I tell you again it was no voice, and no vision in the night. It was something that came as a result of self-analysis.

"You see, I had demanded a lot of religion. It had promised peace, but peace would not come.

"And then, suddenly, the simple answer struck me. The fault was not with religion, but with me! I searched my soul, and I knew as I searched that I was full of hidden hypocrisies. I knew suddenly that religion must be with you always, and that it's not a fair-weather friend to call upon when you want to throw a penny toward God.

"And so, for the first time in my life, I now have an outlet. It took me ten years to find the answer, but I know now that those years were all worth while.

"My plans for the future are simple. When the war is over, I hope to be ordained, and then to be given a small pastorate. All I ask is that I be permitted to help others. And with God's help and guidance, that is what I shall be able to do."

That's Lew Ayres today. Lew Ayres, the movie star who made a failure of success—only to find in that failure the greatest success he has ever known . . .

Lew's second marriage was to Ginger Rogers (above). After five years of separation, they were divorced.

Lola Lane divorced Ayres because he was "too serious" in her opinion.

Acclaimed at one time as one of Hollywood's top stars and later denounced as a slacker, Lew Ayres has at last found peace and happiness. Lew is shown above as he looked before going into Army and right, as he looks today in New Guinea with the chaplain's flag flying.

Summer Dance Series At Longwood Cricket

By ALICE WILLIAMS

ALONG COMES WORD OF AN INTERESTING DIversion for our summer town dwellers . . . the revival of the Longwood Cricket Club dances, after a lapse of over a year, due to wartime dimouts, gas rationing, etc.

First in the gala party series is slated for next Friday evening when prominent members of the social set will journey out to the attractive white Chestnut Hill clubhouse to trip the light fantastic. As usual, this gay town happening will be preceded by lots of jolly cocktail and dinner gatherings.

Russell Sturgis Codman, Jr., house committee chairman, is in charge of arrangements for the series, aided and abetted by an imposing group of sub-committees. Vice Presidents, including May K. Bottomley . . . Mrs. John Taylor Bottomley's popular post-deb . . . who will look after house arrangements . . . Anne Mitchell, the Emlyn Mitchells' charming daughter, will direct the ticket sale . . . invitations are in the capable hands of Molly Wood . . . William W. Taff, Jr., is music chairman, and Charles R. Carroll, Jr., is publicity director.

Also working for the success of the affair are Mary-Frances Ludwig, Jane Ferguson, Susan Inches, Betsy Inches, Anne Creamer, Grace VerPlanck, Cynthia Vose, Ruth Carter, Paula Johnston, Alison Kelsey, Emily Garritt and Virginia Graham, all prominent in the young social set. Also Theodore B. Plimpton, Mason T. Whiting, Fred M. Kempton, Floyd L. Bill, Howard C. Connor, George W. Mandell, Lytton H. Dowson, George McDonough, Platt H. Spencer, Albert H. Stitt, James W. Moss and Mrs. William Raye.

Longwood Cricket's Presbrey Pool is the pet rendezvous of our youthful smart setters these blazing July days.

Yes, indeed, Friday evening's Cricket Club dance will be one of midsummer's most exciting town happenings.

* * *

IN THE meantime, life rolls gaily along at the various smart summer spots, where our socialites rest and relax during the vacation months.

With our country at war, entertaining, of course, is extremely informal among the fashionable colonists, who sort of concentrate on the mid-week dinner dances around and about at the exclusive yacht clubs dotting our New England shore from the tip of Cape Cod to the coast of Maine. But the week-ends are extremely gay and exciting.

Down at North Scituate on the South Shore, for instance, a merry whirl of dinner and cocktail gatherings always precedes the Saturday night hop at the Hatherly Country Club . . . and Sabbath Day diversions include beach picnics, golf, bathing, and an occasional cocktail party.

On Cape Cod the exclusive Wianno Club is always the setting for a gay week-end, with the "cottagers" dashing over with their house guests for Saturday night dinner and dancing.

On our famous North Shore, society treks to the Eastern and Corinthian Yacht Clubs at Marblehead Neck for dinner-dancing, luncheons, bridge and, of course, boating.

Magnolia is one of the bright spots along the shore, and Singing Beach down in Manchester-by-the-Sea is perfect for sun-basking and swimming, and, by the way, a well-filled picnic basket always adds to the fun.

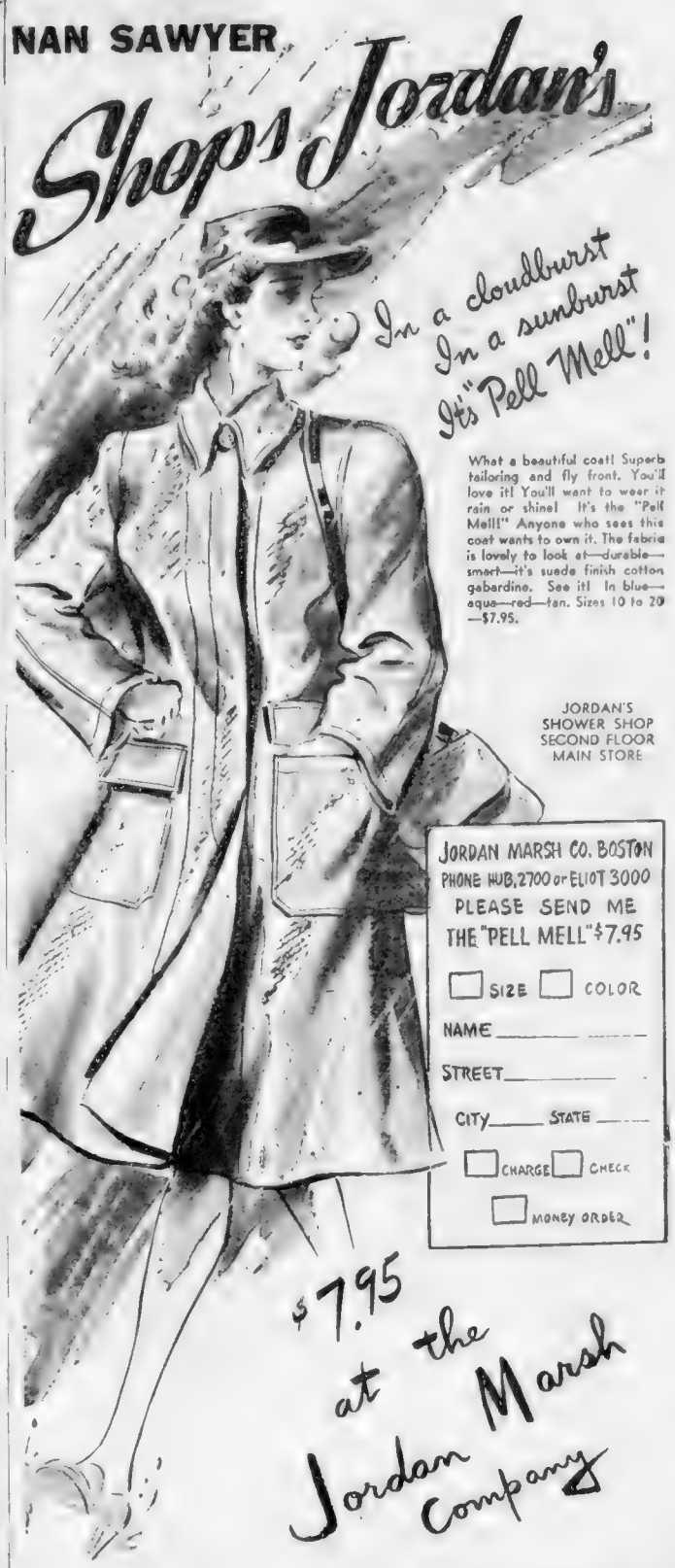
* * *

OF DEFINITE Boston interest is the wedding over in New York of Lt. Carl Dreyfus, Jr., U. S. Army, and Denise Cleveland Sessums, which took place early in the week at the Church of the Transfiguration, followed by a small, informal reception at the Hotel Warwick.

The bride, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Goldstein of New Orleans, wore the traditional white satin, and her veil of tulle and heirloom lace fell in soft folds from a snug little lace cap. She carried a bouquet of gardenias.

Betty Merryweather, of New Orleans, was her only attendant. Her portrait gown of white ruffled organdy was topped by a matching cap, and she carried yellow and blue flowers. Lt. Charles Haas, U. S. Army, of New York, performed best man duties for his brother-in-law.

Lt. Dreyfus . . . son of Carl Dreyfus, of Boston and Marblehead, and the late Mrs. Dreyfus . . . is a graduate of Rivers School and Harvard College, class of '39. His bride is a graduate of Metairie Park Country Day School and Newcomb College.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PLEASE SEND ME THE "PELL MELL" $7.95
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Boston Social Whirl

By THE CHAPERON

BLONDE AND blue-eyed Barbara Ginn . . . No. 4 on the debutante engaged list . . . will be the [illegible] of the 1944-45 bud crop to join bridal ranks.

Her engagement to George Washington Helm, midshipman, USNR, was an interesting mid-week announcement by her parents, the Edwin Ginns of Mt. Vernon st., and on Wednesday, Aug. 16, Barbara will murmur her "I dos and I wills" to young Mr. Helm . . . who is sort of looking forward to receiving his commission from Harvard's Navy Supply Corps School that same day. While plans are by no means complete, the wedding will take place in Boston.

Barbara . . . a Winsor School graduate and Junior League "provisional" . . . is doing her particular bit for the war effort by serving with the AWVS.

Her fiance is the son of George Washington Helm and the former Mrs. Helm (now Mrs. Valentine Everit Macy, Jr.) of New York. He was graduated from Pomfret School in '41 and attended the University of Cincinnati.

Our other engaged buds are Anne Ingersoll Edwards, who is to be the future Mrs. John Milligan Winsor, USMCR. Anne . . . first of the debs to join the bride-elect set . . . is the daughter of the junior Richard Hadley Edwards of Concord. Second on the list is Nancy Eaton, whose fiance is Rafael Ivanhoe Chopitea of Buenos Aires. Nancy's parents are Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Eaton of Brookline. And the third engaged debbie is Mary Royce Baker, whose future husband is Frederic S. Carr, USNR. Mary is the daughter of Mrs. Royce Baker of Marlboro st.

* * *

QUITE AN array of our smart North Shorers flocked to Beverly Farms on Thursday to "take in" the annual lawn party . . . sponsored by an imposing group of summer colonists and year 'round residents, to benefit St. John's Episcopal Church.

The gala fete, in charge of Mrs. Nathaniel S. Simpkins, Jr., was an all-day venture . . . opening early in the morning and closing with a cabaret and dance in the Parish Hall, under the direction of the Couples Club.

Mrs. Samuel J. Newman put in a busy few hours cashiering at the Cafe International, where luncheon was served. Other busy workers included Mrs. Theodore Rehm, in charge of pony rides, and Mary Lou Ward, who collected the money for the "grabs," and did a land office business.

Mrs. Sherman Morse . . . the former Liz Hovey . . . was a most attractive flower vendor . . . Mrs. Russell Burrage did a thriving business at the vegetable stall, and Mrs. Wallace Goodrich was on duty at the rummage booth.

Glimpsed among the fairgoers were Mrs. Francis Lowell Burnett, Mrs. J. Lindsay Dexter (Nancy Cassells) with her young son, and sister, Andree Cassells, Mrs. Fitzwilliam Sargent, 3d, and her small daughters, Beatrice and Susan, Dr. Thomas Barbour (Julie's dad), Helen Hart Mason, Mrs. Caleb Loring, Jr. (Rosemary Merrill), Margaret Amory, one of the season's debs, Mrs. Richard Sears, Mrs. Gilbert E. Fuller, Jr., Mrs. Alfred J. Sweet, Jr., Mrs. "Pete" Sortwell, Mrs. Paul Bertelson and her daughter, Nancy.

MRS. LEWIS WILLIAMS BROWN . . . the former Eula Mae Tessier of Opelousas, La. . . . is here from Texas (where Lt. Brown is stationed) visiting at the Winthrop home of Mrs. Andrew B. Williams, Sr.

Engaged

A brand-new member of the bride-elect set is Dorothy Woodbury Choate, whose engagement to Victor Roland of Beverly is announced by her father, Lt. Col. Roland H. Choate of Falmouth and Memphis, Tenn.

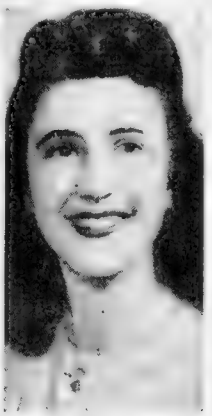
Another bride-elect of the week is Mary McElligot, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John McElligot of Manchester. Mary's fiance is John D. Cunningham, Jr., U. S. Army, of Needham and Annisquam.

He was graduated from Massachusetts Institute of Technology and is stationed at Camp Breckenridge, Ky.

Vacationing at Manoir Richelieu

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE P. SCANNELL, of Lowell, are spending a few days at the Manoir Richelieu following a cruise all [illegible] the Saguenay.

Also at the Manoir are Miss Harriet Hunt of Northampton, Helen Stone of North Adams, Miss Gertrude Sullivan, Miss Nora Marshall and Mrs. Alphonse Daniels of Worcester.



HELEN RITA DOMENICHELLO'S engagement to Sgt. Anthony Cesareo, USAAF, is announced by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward C. Domenichello, Sr., of Chelsea. Sgt. Cesareo is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Larry Cesareo of Revere.

Rockport Gymkhana

[illegible] ALL North Shore [illegible] will detour to Rockport on August's second Saturday, when a [illegible] gymkhana will be staged on Miss Franklin B. Davis' Dean rd. estate.

There will be the usual gala midway, numerous contests, and an extra special feature is the barbecue.

Mrs. Lewis [illegible] mans the arranging committee assisted by Mrs. Louis F. Erskine, Mrs. Anthony Tirone, Miss Alexina LaPointe and Herman G. Halsted.

Proceeds of the colorful event will be used for one of the rescue ships based along the English channel and North Sea to rescue Allied fliers forced down while returning from bombing raids over the continent. These ships are exceedingly important, because they not only pick up the downed fliers, but are fully equipped to render necessary medical aid, and emergency operations, if necessary.

* * *

MR. AND MRS. EDWARD M. GALLAGHER (Priscilla Phelan) are leaving Boston tomorrow for several weeks of [illegible] down at Centerville on the Cape. They will be [illegible] by Mrs. Gallagher's mother, Mrs. James J. Phelan, now vacationing at Swampscott's New Ocean House, the latter part of the week.

ANNE MITCHELL . . . post-deb daughter of the Emlyn Mitchells of Newton . . . is directing the ticket sale for Friday evening's dance at Longwood Cricket Club.

Pictorial Press

Thrift Shop to Reopen in Fall

BOSTON'S FAMOUS Thrift Shop at 60 Huntington ave. will be closed for the month of August, and is slated to reopen on Thursday, Sept. 7, when donated articles will be welcome.

Mrs. Alexander Whitside is chairman of the Shop, the vice-presidents are Mrs. William Ford Reid and Mrs. Arthur Lyman; Mrs. Stephen W. Sleeper is treasurer and Mrs. Henry Cushing, secretary.

* * *

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE MITCHELL of Brookline are vacationing at Lake Sunapee, N. H.

Business-Like Seersucker

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Delectable, darling striped seersucker, favorite of all coolers for the commuting crowd and white collar workers. Crisp white touches and a gilet front. Red, blue or brown stripes.

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Shore and Country

By THE RESORTER

ENJOYING THE SEASON'S CHOICEST VACA- period . . . many Bostonians have entrained to the [illegible] resorts along Maine's coast, including Kennebunkport, Rockland Breakwater, Poland Spring and Kennebunk.

Left for the whole summer at Hampton Beach are Mr. and Mrs. L. Draper Hill of Wellesley, accompanied by their youngsters, Draper, Jr., Jack and Peter.

Mr. and Mrs. John Fitzgerald, and daughter, Alice, of Boston, are at "Glany-Moor;" Mr. and Mrs. John E. Pierce, and daughter, Edith, are here from Andover. Also from the latter town is Edith Daggett, who has joined the summer colony.

"The Treetops" has been opened by Mr. and Mrs. Harris Barber of Wellesley, who are functioning with their daughters, Jane and Sally . . . At "Santa Barbara" is Mrs. John Stryker of Belmont.

Mrs. Robert Prescott and her two children are sojourning here as well as Mrs. Portia Keller, [illegible] Mrs. Marion E. of Westwood. At "Roshaven" Lillian Scriven of Belmont is here for a stay.

Making the most of the diversified activities in Maine are Mr. and Mrs. Armand White of Quincy of Hyde Park, who are located at Chebeague. Also there are the O. D. McLellams of Belmont.

Richard and Walter Perkins of Wollaston are at Oquossoc. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Nelson B. Todd of Lynchfield Center are registered at the "Samoset" at Rockland Breakwater.

Attending a recent dinner party given in honor of Dr. and Mrs. William Porell of Bradford were Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Ewing, Groveland; Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. DaGrenier, Bradford; Mr. and Mrs. Shafmaster, Haverhill; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Green, Lawrence, and John W. Lees of Brookline.

Stopping at the "Mansion House" at Poland Spring are Mr. and Mrs. William H. Merchant of Andover. The Newton Stanleys of Newton are at Kingfield.

* * *

NEXT SATURDAY AT Lake Sunapee, the annual week-end sailing races will begin under the direction of Richard G. Norris of Chestnut Hill, who will serve as chairman.

Heading the committee seeking funds for the New London Hospital is Mrs. Bradley Dewey of Cambridge, who with her committee is making plans for the observance of Hospital Day on Tuesday, August 15.

Visitors at Twin Lake Villa include Elizabeth Dewal, Mrs. M. E. Mortimer, Ida M. Spencer of Brookline . . . Christine R. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Freeman of West Medford . . . and Mrs. Leah Joy, Mildred Monteverde, Dr. and Mrs. H. C. Keith, Grace M. Hart, Carrie M. Wellington, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Wellington and twins of Boston.

Others here from Greater Boston are Gertrude Prescott of Wakefield, Margaret McGoldrick of Somerville, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Morrison of Peabody.

From Beverly are Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Bowden and Bonnie.

Regis Alumnae Attend Dance

A VERY SUCCESSFUL informal dance was held by the Regis College Alumnae Association, last evening, in the attractive ballroom of the Sheraton Hotel.

Members of the committee who were responsible for the gaiety of this annual midsummer festival were Alice McCarthy of Belmont, who served as chairman, assisted by Mary and Dorothy Gibson of Marlboro and Mary Mullens of Framingham.

Others included Kathleen DeSimone of Marlboro, Phyllis Daly of Dorchester, Nancy Duggan of Canton, Sally Crimmins of Worcester, Christine Connors of Whitinsville and Olive Erickson of Cambridge.

AT SUNAPEE HARBOR are many Bay Staters including Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Ogden, Lester and Charles Lord of Medford; Mr. and Mrs. James Hilton of Boston; Alice Whittier of Arlington; Mrs. Joseph Gaylord of Melrose Highlands, Jr. and Mrs. John Nalebuff of Chelsea and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lee of Danvers.

Visitors in greater proportions than any year since the war began are returning to Newfound Lake.

Among the localites are Col. George H. Penny and Mrs. Penny of Boston; Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Brown of Swampscott.

Others from the North Shore here include Ina Agnew of Beverly . . . Margaret and Jean McGill of Marblehead and Mr. and Mrs. George Hart of Salem.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Carlmark of Milton . . . Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Barr, Mr. and Mrs. George Hart of Salem, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Lawson of Dorchester, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Hart of Cochituate, Mr. and Mrs. Channing Perch of Foxboro, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Carver of Lowell, Mr. and Mrs. William Brumby of Wallingford and Mr. and Mrs. Howard Davis of Belchertown are among the resorters at the Lake.

* * *

UP FROM MARBLEHEAD are the William S. Barrs, who are summering at Georges Mills. Others here include Mary Isaacs of Boston, Mrs. J. A. McCarthy and daughter, Esther, of Chelsea, Mrs. Marcella C. Riley of Watertown, Catherine E. McCarthy of Belmont and Mr. and Mrs. Louis A. Jones, also of Belmont.

At Bristol, Mrs. Verne B. Mosher has as her guests Mr. and Mrs. Vinal Bowe and family of Salem . . . Lucia Ellsworth of Belmont and Frank T. Hayes of Wilmington are visiting Dr. and Mrs. R. Clifton Ellsworth at Bristol.

Mrs. Peggy Lovejoy of Newtonville and Sara Ford of Brighton are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Spring at Bridgewater. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Spring with their daughter, Carolyn, and son, Frank, Jr. of Melrose are at their summer home, [illegible].

Mrs. Thomas E. Stanley of Milton is the house guest of Mrs. George A. Tewksbury at Rainbow Lodge, Newfound Lake.

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Bay Staters At Resort

AT WOLFEBORO on Lake [illegible] Mrs. Orren S. Tarr and Mrs. Charles Smith of Wollaston are at North Wolfeboro. Here also are several residents of the North Shore. Dr. and Mrs. John [illegible] Melville A. [illegible] and Wilbur Dickinson of [illegible] and Mrs. Egbert Ballard are recent hosts to Mr. and Mrs. Howard Meacom of Swampscott, and Mrs. Ralph H. [illegible] and her family of Swampscott have spent a [illegible] weekend at "Whin-poo-[illegible]."

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Champion and Mr. and Mrs. Paul Brook with their son David, are honeymooning at Effingham Falls . . . Mrs. Mattie Johnson of Somerville is also vacationing there . . . Mrs. Eva Day of Belmont is at Freedom Village . . . Mrs. Everett L. Hoyt of Stoneham is at Brookfield . . . The Wilfred Wentworths of Malden, [illegible] Simonds . . .

A JOLLY TRIO . . . Janet Cartier of Newton, Joan Havestad of Weston, and Nancy Summers of Wellesley . . . all summering at Marblehead Neck, where they participate in the sports at the Corinthian Yacht Club.

Resorters Enjoy Active Season on Nantucket

TODAY MARKS THE OPENING OF A TWO-WEEK exhibition of the "Waterfront Artists Group," on quaint and beautiful Nantucket Island. Among those who will display their works are Elizabeth Saltonstall, Harriet Lord, Florence Schepp, Georgie Van B. Putney, Frances de F. Stewart, Emily Hoffmeier, Katherine da Montelos and Ruth Haviland Sutton.

Off-Islanders are taking active support in the annual drive for funds for the Cottage Hospital which will come to a close on Saturday.

The vacationers attended an interesting talk on "Our Relations With Our Southern Neighbors," by Dr. Helen Wieand Cole, one of the lecturers for the Office of Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs, held at the Methodist Church.

Enjoying the sand and bathing at Cliff Side, are Mrs. James Mahoney of New Bedford, accompanied by her young son, James 3rd, and attractive daughter, Patricia, who are all spending a six weeks stay in Nantucket.

Also having a grand time at the beach here are Mrs. T. A. Mahoney of New Bedford, with her adorable daughter, Anne, age 9, and Louise, 5 years, accompanied by Mrs. Mahoney's sister, Madeline Riley of Fall River.

Other resorters include Rose Dowling of Fall River, too registered at the Roberts House; Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Warren, Littleton, Misses Mercedes, Florence and Grace Tour of Newton Highlands; Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Blaser, Needham; and Mr. and Mrs. A. Fairweather of Fall River. Mrs. P. Lareau of New Bedford is vacationing with her two youngsters Marilyn and Peter.

Other recent visitors to Nantucket include Mr. and Mrs. P. V. Mahoney of Dorchester; Mr. and Mrs. Francis Hoxie, Watertown; Mr. and Mrs. Philip Meaney of Dorchester; Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Mahoney of Cambridge; Mr. and Mrs. Edward Haskins of Norwell, with their daughters, Sally and Nancy; and Mrs. Joseph White of Cambridge

Women in The Service

By EDNA M. CONLAN

[illegible] Mrs. M. [illegible] Terrace, Allston, has been transferred from Hunter College, New York, to the WAVE detachment in Washington, D. C. Prior to [illegible] she was employed as a dental nurse at [illegible] Falls.

* * *

The Good Conduct Medal has been awarded to Carol L. Sawyer, [illegible] WAC's at Camp Atterbury, Indiana. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lester [illegible] Savage of 49 Commonwealth [illegible], Boston.

* * *

Pvt. Dorothy J. Horsfall, [illegible] Horsfall of [illegible] Roxbury, is a [illegible] Marine Corps Base in San Diego, California. [illegible] Camp Lejeune, North Carolina.

* * *

At Camp Pinedale, Fresno, California, Alice F. Donovan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Donovan of Allendale ave., Pinehurst, was awarded the Good Conduct Medal. She is a radio operator. Her sister, Mary, is a corporal, also a member of the WAC's, and a brother, James, is serving with the maritime service.

* * *

Cpl. Helen V. Preston, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Preston of Ridgewood st., Dorchester, is a parachute rigger at the Marine Corps Air Station, El Toro, Santa Ana, California. She is a graduate of the Dorchester High School, Dorchester.

* * *

Lt. Ruth Putnam Crane of 241 Hagen st., Milton, is a physical therapy aide in the Army Medical Dept.

* * *

Other local girls serving as physical therapy aides with the Army Medical Corps are Lt. Elizabeth Lucy Shattuck of [illegible] st., East Pepperell, and [illegible] Sarah Weiner of [illegible], Dorchester.

* * *

Pvt. Elizabeth Hinson, daughter of Thomas Hinson of Harding, is a stenographer at the Marine Corps Air Station, Cherry Point, North Carolina.

Lucille Doucet Is Recent Bride

MRS. JOSEPH W. McCARTHY of Commonwealth ave., Back Bay, announces the recent marriage of her daughter, Lucille Lois Doucet, to Austin Kenneth Thomas of Lawrence, held last Sunday afternoon at The Gideon Chapel of the Old South Congregational Church, Copley sq., with Rev. Lee Delroy Bergsman, performing the ceremony.

The bride was attended by her sister, Ruth Lee Hamilton, and the best man was Vincent Salesi of Boston. Mr. Thomas is district manager for the Royal Typewriter Co., and following a wedding trip to Maine the couple will reside in Andover.

Beauty

By RUTH MUGGLEBEE

THE sun shines bright in the good old summertime with a tendency to sunkiss faces to a flatteringly toasted degree. Time now to think of keeping pace with a newly-acquired tan by using an appropriately darker shade of makeup foundation.

This chestnut tinted foundation smoothes the way toward a skin that glows with sepia tones and belies the presence of blemishes, under-eye shadows and unwanted skin marking of any sort. It is of such an exquisitely creamy texture that you think you're spreading heavy rich cream over your complexion.

Yet, despite its praiseworthy smooth texture, it is nongreasy in quality. It is so airy that it's unlike many mask-like preparations that seem to draw your skin. This foundation helps your skin retain its vital glow.

Should you be too fair-skinned for the sun to do glorifying justice to you; should you, in other words, reap nothing but freckles for your pretty little countenance, this foundation will more than help you simulate a dusky hue.

Merely dot the foundation over your face and commence to blend it, religiously carrying the color to the hairline and way down to "here" if need be; and "need be" if you're a low decolletage fancier. There's nothing so disconcerting as a burnished face atop a lily-white throat. Remember!

Be you blonde, brunette, redhead or silver-tressed, a creamy and protective application of this creamier than cream chestnut foundation promises a becoming aura of health and beauty. It forms a dusky stage upon which your eyes come into play, your lip color is intensified and above all, YOU become more sparkling and vivacious.

Contained in a handsome little white, flower-sprigged bottle, it is not only pretty for your face but just as attractive for your dressing table.

For the name of this cafe au lait complexion foundation, phone the Beauty Dept., LIBerty 4000, or write me, care of the Sunday Advertiser, inclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Pattern

Pattern 4848 is available in women's sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50. Size 36 takes 4 yards 35-inch fabric. Use gay cotton or rayon. This pattern, together with a needlework pattern of useful and decorative motifs for linens and garments, 20 cents. Send 20 cents in coins for these patterns to the Boston Sunday Advertiser, Pattern Dept., 243 West 17th st., New York 11, N. Y. Write plainly size, name, address, style number.

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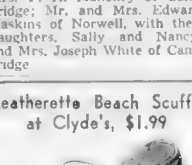

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Clyde's has just reduced more of these gay, sturdy scuffs you like so well for slacks or play togs . . . they're just the thing to kick around with on your vacation . . . red or navy with long wearing synthetic soles . . . 4 to 8, no coupon necessary, only $1.99. Clyde's Shoe Store is at 455 Washington Street (opp. Jordan's). Add 45c for mail orders.

SALE

Yes — it's time for the ANNUAL SALE at the Mary Burns Shop! It's to be a clearance of a complete and exquisite stock of slightly used evening gowns, wedding dresses, wraps, bridesmaids' and dinner dresses. They're all lovely, different gowns.

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On The Side

BY E. V. DURLING

...letter I send thee to a bridge
...hall by thy happy lover
...golden bridge, by which my love
...To thee, sweetheart, comes over,
...And all my dreams have angel-wings
...Made up of smiles and sighing;
...Lighter than air, on which my love
...To thee, sweetheart, comes flying.

GFIBEL.

A FELLOW smoking a pipe with short, snappy puffs. That's what I saw today. Why is it so many pipe smokers know so little about pipe smoking? Cigar smokers are usually experts on cigars. Short puffs on a pipe make it too hot. That's bad. A long, steady puff is the correct procedure. Another thing you see these bewildered pipe smokers doing is using the same way to smoke two pipefuls in quick succession. When a man wants to smoke two pipefuls that way he should switch to another pipe and let the first one cool off. All pipe smokers should have a minimum of fourteen pipes.

★ ★ ★

Richard Everett Horton. Whimsical thespian. He was born on Brooklyn and still owns the house in that beautiful city in which he first saw the light of day. Mr. Horton remembers when the Brooklyn baseball team played at Washington Park. He is a class A Dodger fan. To be in this class a man must remember Harry Lumley, Johnny Dobbs, Jake Daubert, Virgil Garvin, "Doc" Scanlan and Nap Rucker . . . John Scott Trotter, Orchestra leader. His hobby is cooking. Prepares all his own meals and often those for as many as sixteen guests. He has one of the largest collections of cook books in the United States. He is a bachelor. However, he is waiting hopefully for the right girl to come along, and trusting she will not object if he insists upon doing the family cooking.

QUERIES FROM CLIENTS: Q—I say Gertrude Niesen was born in Brooklyn. The Sergeant has bet me an Australian pound she was not. How about it? A. Gertie was born in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean while her parents were making a trip from London to New York. However, she was brought up in Brooklyn. Q. Is often said if a sick dog was let alone he could cure himself. That doesn't check with my experience. How about it? A. All animals can do much to cure themselves if allowed to roam the fields and forests, where they can find certain plants that have healing qualities. Animals understand diet, sun treatment, fasting and a wide variety of curative methods. The Indians watched sick animals to see what plants they sought out and found many of these plants good for human ills. A city or suburban dog cannot cure himself of major ills, but if there is a little grass available will take care of minor ailments by a combination of grass eating and fasting.

★ ★ ★

"The color of violet produces melancholy, red makes a person feel gay, and blue calms the nerves." So states a color expert. All I know for certain about the effect of colors is that a man who sold tip sheets at race tracks told me that when his selections were printed on white paper, he sold hardly any. When he switched to blue his sales greatly increased. When he used yellow paper he sold even more sheets.

★ ★ ★

A CHICAGO taxicab driver says the worst tippers are professional baseball players and "all Southerners" . . . Am all set for songs for next father's day. Now have a list of over 50 songs about fathers. Some recent additions are: "Clap Hands, Clap Hands Until Daddy Comes Home," "Daddy And I," "Just a Word For Father, Too," "My Daddy Was a Soldier Man," "Papa Kiss Mama" and "Your Dad Gave His Life For His Country" . . . Ever read "Acres of Diamonds," by Russell Conwell? Hope you have. Every young fellow should read this famous lecture at least once. Get it at the public library.

★ ★ ★

The only fellow I have known who could bend a silver dollar with his fingers was Jess Willard . . . Am asked where birds stand on the list of intelligence among animals. I couldn't say exactly. Probably far down on the list. Most birds are not very intelligent. Owls are stupid birds despite their reputation for being wise. Canaries are not very smart. Now and then you see a parrot that shows signs of intelligence. Some bluejays are fairly clever.

MOST rooms in hospitals are too bare, which makes them depressing. Why not furnish hospital rooms as those in hotels and private homes are? At least to the extent of making them bright and cheery. There is also considerable room for improvement in most hospital meals . . . Now I have a reader in Flushing, Mich. Until I heard from him I thought the only Flushing in the country was on Long Island, N. Y. Shows how hard up people are for town names when they have to call two places Flushing . . . "Eddie, your ignorance continues to amaze me," writes a young woman of Boston. "You say you do not know the language of stamps. Shame on you. Don't you know a stamp placed upside down means 'I love you'."

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CONTAINS 6 BATHS WITH THIS COUPON
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15 Bath Size 49c	40 Bath Size 98c
66c by Mail	$1.10 Postpaid

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Mysterious Sommer's Murder Case

Continued from Page 4

tim of circumstance, she appeared to have sunk from one misfortune to another and no one ever found out that she knew anything about the murder of the old inventor.

"I guess I'm just a big sap," she said, when she was arrested, and, after giving a little drab note of color to the case, she disappeared from it utterly.

ANOTHER much more important person had disappeared, too—never to be found to this day.

He was Charles Hoffman, notorious gunman, jail breaker, bail jumper and holdup man—and his picture was identified by Dr. Sommer's chauffeur, as the tall gunman, who had so coolly shot down the old man.

Hoffman was wanted as an escaped convict in New Jersey and New York; he had jumped $40,000 bail in Suffolk county while under $20,000 bail across the river in Middlesex.

His abandoned car was discovered in Roslindale and a police trap was set there. Two men—maybe one of them was Hoffman—drove up to the trap but escaped through a hail of shotgun slugs fired by the police.

With that, the mysterious Hoffman simply dropped from sight. Sought all over the country, he appeared to have vanished into thin air. He has never been found nor has the slaying of the old inventor ever been solved.

Police found that the suspects they had arrested could not be tied up with the case. And no one knows to this day whether the old man who really was a genius was shot to death for a few hundred dollars held tightly in a paper bag, or whether there really was a dark, mysterious pattern of revenge behind his murder.

BUT WHILE the crime angle of the case slowly faded into dust covered records of suspects, arrests and questionings, extraordinary developments were taking place in the courts.

An attorney, David P. Israel, legal adviser to the old man, filed a deed of trust giving him control over the Viscol Co. properties and cutting off the widow with $10,000 outright and $100 a week.

A bitter court battle immediately began. The widow fought for the estate and from far away Germany, a nephew and a niece filed their claim. For the old man seemed to have left his affairs in a sadly tangled state.

In 1934, the attorney won the first round; it was found that he was entitled to possession of the old inventor's properties under a deed of trust executed a short time before Sommer was slain.

But the widow battled on through the courts, and in 1935, the full bench of the Supreme Court reversed the decision, and her husband's estate was hers.

It seemed then that the Sommer case was over at last, with the murder mystery still unsolved and the control of the estate settled, but six months later, there was a new development.

ONE APRIL evening, a janitor, languidly cleaning up the Viscol building, dark and vacant for months now, found $5000 in gold certificates, tied with an old rubber band, covered with dust, and jammed behind a rusty steam pipe.

Another mystery was added to the case that already read like a good detective story. Who put the money behind the steam pipe? Did the old inventor just stuff it away there and forget all about it? Or was it the work of someone else? No one ever knew.

But then, no one ever knew a great many things about the strange case of the old inventor.

Who wrote the notes warning him of death by poison?

What was the motive behind his murder?

Whatever became of the vanishing suspect?

Time may tell in the end, but it hasn't yet, and meanwhile, the old inventor's last scrap of property—a sad looking warehouse—goes up for auction, and someone will probably buy it who doesn't even dream of the old man's strange history and stranger death.

Yvonne suggests ROUX makeup... for your hair

Whatever your haircoloring problem, lacklustre, faded or gray strands, there's a ROUX haircoloring product to correct it—to create new loveliness for your hair. Make an appointment today for a ROUX treatment at our salon. Buy ROUX for home use!

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. . . to conceal each existing gray or faded strand. "Tints as it cleanses," blends with your own natural haircolor. Caution: use only as directed on label. 22 shades. Professional size (2½ oz.) per pkg..... $1.25
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. . . to touch-up those first gray strands or for use between regular coloring treatments. Simple as lipstick to use. Available in 12 shades.
Per crayon . . $ .75

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to keep your hair bright as a new penny. Made from certified colors, doesn't rub off, washes out in your next shampoo. 12 shades. Per package (60 applications) $1.00
Per package (20 applications) .40

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Madame Yvonne's "Beauty Center for the Stars"

WHEN WILL THE WAR IN EUROPE END?

Continued from Page 1

is shortened, the stronger his defense should become.

[illegible] believe that the coming month will be the crucial period in the events shaping toward an early climax in the war.

THE RUSSIANS are at the [illegible] north is being made by the Allies and there have been rumors that the Nazis intend soon to pull out of Italy entirely. If the invasion forces in France are able to break out of the Cherbourg peninsula with a tremendous bound and sweep toward Paris, it is possible the three drives would bring about quick capitulation by the Reich.

Chief among the psychological factors which must be analyzed [illegible] an early ending of the war are those which affect [illegible] fighting sides. Contrary to the [illegible] when the Central Powers lost the war because of food conditions, Germany thus far has [illegible] and [illegible] rationing for the remainder of the war will probably have to be tightened, there is [illegible] that will be [illegible] effect is apt to result from the political unrest caused by a series of events that have led up to the alleged attempt to assassinate Hitler.

The robot bombs which have caused London and southern Britain far greater alarm than even the concentrated bomber blitz of 1940 are the Nazis' greatest psychological weapon unleashed so far, and according to the guarded despatches released by the British censors are developing into almost a major threat to civilian morale.

But while causing grave concern and prompting the British authorities to evacuate thousands of women and children and other non-combatants to areas beyond the range of the flying missiles, the British people as a whole scoff at the suggestion that they will ever make them let down in the heroic struggle they have put up since the dark days of Dunkirk.

THE FLYING bombs, which latest dispatches reveal as 2240-pound affairs, sometimes casting off incendiaries before they dive and explode, are only the forerunners of larger and more fiendish weapons to come, according to German boasts. An unidentified Allied military spokesman only last week disclosed that the possibility of 10-ton robots cannot be regarded as [illegible] propaganda. The same spokesman describes the new weapon as weighing possibly 90 tons when launched, [illegible] diminishing as its fuel is expended in its flight through the stratosphere. This weapon, formidable as it sounds, he said, might turn out to be [illegible] accurate and many times [illegible] out in flight.

Maybe this is the weapon the Nazis have been boasting will be directed to land on American soil.

So much for the possibilities for an early ending to the war in Europe.

Rising belief that it is going to end soon is now beginning to create such a feeling of optimism that the Allied governments are becoming not a little concerned over a feared letdown in the war effort.

From President Roosevelt down, grave concern is being felt and leaders in both the military and civil arms of the government have cautioned the folks on the home front that no one can tell when the end will come and that there must be no [illegible] if the pace that has brought us to victory's door.

We are already behind in some important production schedules, such as heavy trucks. Over-optimism that would create a further let-down might prolong the war for many months.

Prime Minister Churchill's elated pronouncement last Sunday in Normandy that there are "grave signs of weakness" in the Reich and that the war "might come to an end earlier than we have a right to say," though heartening to the Allied cause, could have a very grave effect on the war effort in all the Allied countries.

SECRETARY of War Stimson, back from visits to the fighting fronts, took to the radio last week to warn the nation that the war was far from won and said Germany and Japan would collapse only when it was "physically and unmistakably" brought home to them that they are about to be completely smashed.

He implied that he did not agree with Churchill's statement, saying: "Such a collapse is not yet apparent to our men who are locked in combat with a brutal, resourceful and stubborn enemy."

Stimson is more apt to be right than Churchill.

A few weeks ago, Chief of Staff Gen. George C. Marshall and Adm. Ernest J. King, commander in chief of the Navy and Gen. H. H. Arnold, chief of the air force, returned from the fighting fronts in Europe and submitted a report to the President which said:

"On our return from the front in Normandy, we perceive a state of mind in this country against which we believe the public should be warned.

"The recent favorable course of the fighting seems to have [illegible] people that the war was as good as won, and accordingly that they can throw up their war jobs and go back to civilian life.

"There is still a tough fight ahead of us. Anyone can see that desertions on the fighting fronts would protract the war and reduce our prospects of victory. Desertions on the home front would tend to the same result. The war is not yet won; it will be won the sooner if everybody in war work sticks to his job till complete victory has been attained."

GEN. Dwight D. Eisenhower from Allied headquarters in Britain, a few weeks later made a similar statement and warned against too rosy optimism, saying long and bitter fighting must be expected around the European battle perimeter.

And even if the war in Europe ends soon, what then? There is still Japan to reckon with.

We have now been at war with the Japs for two years and nearly eight months. Prior to Pearl Harbor, our Navy men made no effort to deny the boast that we could knock the Japs off in three months. Now after two years and eight months, our troops are fighting to take back our first strip of conquered American territory, the island of Guam.

We still have the Philippines to wrest back from the foe. And Wake Island, both formerly American territory. We are gradually taking back island after island, each at an expensive cost of American lives and American treasure. The road ahead is long and hard and we are fighting, in the Pacific, a foe equally desperate and fanatic as the most fanatic of Hitler's crazy youths.

The situation in China is bad and improvement there is not near at hand.

"The Japs are still rats and they will fight like rats until they are exterminated," Adm. William F. Halsey, No. 1 Jap hater and fighting commander of the American Third Fleet in the Pacific, said last week. Both he and Adm. King, just back from Saipan, see plenty of fight ahead before Japan folds up.

Don't forget that we are committed to the complete defeat of Japan. In a joint communique issued after the famous Cairo conference between President Roosevelt, Prime Minister Churchill and Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek on Dec. 1, 1943 a few days short of the second anniversary of Pearl Harbor, the three allies stated that we are fighting the war against Japan to:

Strip her of all her islands in the Pacific she has seized or occupied since the beginning of the first World War.

Restore to China all territory stolen by Japan, such as Formosa, Manchuria and the Pescadores.

Expel Japan from all other territory which she has taken by violence and greed.

Make Korea free and independent.

And that's a large order.

Prisoners of War Are Having a Good Time in U. S. Camps

Continued from Page 1

[illegible] Mrs Seemah Battle, a War Relocation secretary employed there. The prisoner was a member of a group of prisoners organized into a "Fellowship of Reconciliation" society, their chief aim being to attack white women employes of the camp.

Things came to such a pass at Tule Lake that Army troops and armored equipment were finally moved in to maintain order among 16,000 sullen and defiant Japs, who up to the time of the Army's mobilization had been parading the colony streets wearing headbands emblazoned with the Rising Sun insignia of [illegible]

When the disorderly houses were finally removed from the [illegible] and [illegible] placed under arrest or detention, more [illegible] broke out. It prevailed [illegible] and the [illegible] among the Japs who, under the [illegible] of American citizenship, were the avowed enemies of the land that had given them opportunity and shelter.

At [illegible] Colorado camp, Camp Hale, an even more spectacular case of fraternization took place when three WAC privates, Frances Bundorf, Florence Pechon and Marguerite Franklin, were caught and court-martialed for trading love notes with the enemy.

The resulting court-martial brought disgrace and humiliation to the WACs involved, but no one was shot. There were even those sentimental citizens who protested the court-martial, holding that even prisoners of war are entitled to occasional diversion with the fair sex.

The prisoners themselves, in one camp, went so far as to make a formal demand for this. Captured in Tunis and Italy, they were brought to their quarters apparently under the impression that beautiful blondes, such as the pin-up charmers their American captors had shown them, went free with the prison camp.

A GRIEVANCE committee later waited upon the camp commandant and complained:

"The quarters are all right and the food is fine—but when do we get our ration of women?"

Informed that as prisoners of war they must make some sacrifice for the duration, they retorted:

"The Geneva convention says we get the same privileges we had in our own army. Mussolini provided us with girls once a month, regular. What's more, our government provided girls [illegible] Americans!"

At Camp Trinidad, the prisoners, annoyed because they were confined to beer in the camp canteen, set up a still and [illegible] a potent brew of potato peelings. Some of them were caught, helplessly drunk, as they attempted to tunnel their way to safety from the underground "speakeasy" where they dispensed their home-made "potgen." Their only punishment was the destruction of their [illegible] and for weeks they were a disgruntled and self-pitying group, drowning their sorrows as best they could in malt beverages.

There was the case of the prisoners in a camp for Nazis near Worland, Wyo., where the [illegible] ads went on strike for better tennis balls, and demanded that their grievance be forwarded direct to Adolf Hitler, "for summary action."

There have been numerous cases where Nazi enthusiasts, imbued with a Goebbels-inspired hatred which resists all humane treatment, shout their Nazi hymns of hate at mess table and attempt, with the aid of accomplices in civilian life, to send back to Germany secret codes and messages giving information valuable to the enemy concerning military installations and war production.

GERMAN prisoners in another camp have demanded that their menus be printed in German, so that they can be sure of just what they are eating. Their appetites, they brazenly told the commandant, are impaired by the English names of the various dishes. Others have demanded a multigraph machine to print a camp paper—in German.

But their most persistent gripe is the lack of feminine companionship. Just why they should have been under the illusion that prison camps should be in the nature of glorified canteens, furnishing hostesses, entertainers, and other luxuries usually denied to the captured enemy, is somewhat of a mystery. But the boys indoctrinated since childhood with Nazism and Fascism, arrogant even in captivity, feel themselves greatly wronged and are vociferous in their complaints.

Boston and New England have so far been spared this sex problem among prisoners of war stationed in this area. But there has been considerable protest on the part of citizens when tales of champagne parties and beer picnics have been spread.

The Army firmly denies any such coddling, and replies that since the prisoners are needed for essential work, the best way to keep them working is to keep them as contented as possible, within the limits of the international code.

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The PRIME of LIFE Can Be Prolonged

DR. HENRY C. SHERMAN SAYS:

"A generous supply of Calcium results in better development of the young, a higher norm of adult health, and a longer lease of what we may call the prime of life, the period between maturity and old age."

AM I OLD AT 40?

[illegible] old age at 40. So [illegible] over arrives when the body no longer builds new cells to replace old ones as fast as they wear out. Plenty of [illegible] an essential element in cell building, helps [illegible] AND THUS DELAY THE PRIME OF LIFE as it helps build [illegible]

ARE MY NAILS BRITTLE?

[illegible] is an essential min[illegible] as a mild, bonus aid [illegible] as essential as [illegible] a soft tissues. [illegible] an ordinary dose [illegible] brings relief in the same manner [illegible] different people—[illegible] may cause real [illegible] but [illegible] the [illegible] that weak [illegible] soft [illegible]

Food rationing may not supply sufficient calcium says Claude Wickard, U. S. Sec. of Agriculture

Calcium is more often deficient in the diet than any other [illegible] [illegible] deficiency is a form of malnutrition, may be a cause of acidity, nervousness, fatigue, weak muscle and other effects that hasten the onset of "OLD AGE" and shorten the "PRIME OF LIFE."

A generous supply of [illegible] with Phosphorus and Vitamin D is essential for the normal Calcium-Phosphorus balance that is essential to health. Calcium, antacid and reconstructive is needed in the gravis and [illegible] of organs, glands, cells and tissues.

DO I TIRE EASILY?

A normal starved body [illegible] easily. Minerals are necessary for normal strength, energy and vim to [illegible] in addition to [illegible] Calcium [illegible] a starving starved body cannot [illegible] normal strength, energy and vitality, therefore [illegible] easily.

AM I NERVOUS?

[illegible] high tension and sleepless [illegible] or [illegible], nerves [illegible] due to a Ca[illegible] [illegible] which [illegible] to the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] sensitivity of [illegible] system. KAL is [illegible] rich in Calcium Phosphorus and Vitamin D and Bl, and is in [illegible] proportions

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	WEEI	WBZ	WNAC	WHDH	WMEX
	Columbia 550 KC	*National* 1030 KC	*Mutual* 1260 KC	*Blue* 850 KC	1510 KC
8:00	‡News; Music	*Waltz Time	‡Rev. Crawford	‡Religious Hour	
8:15	‡Sacred Heart	‡News; W'ther	‡Rev. Crawford	‡News	
8:30	*Song Circle	*Evangical Hr.	*Carollers	‡Swedenborg	*Wake Up,Smile
8:45	*Song Circle	*Evangical Hr.	‡News	‡Br'kfast Table	‡News
	8:00 WCOP *Serenade Music		8:30 WORL ‡Church Service		
9:00	‡World News	‡World News	‡Rev. J. Zeller	‡News	*Waltz Time
9:15	*Organ Music	‡Church School	‡Rev. J. Zeller	‡Judson Hour	‡Home of Truth
9:30	*Organ Music	*NBC String	‡Proph'y Voice	‡Judson Hour	‡Home of Truth
9:45	‡News	*Quartet	‡Proph'y Voice	‡Judson Hour	*Morn'g Tunes
	9:30 WCOP ‡Italian Hour		9:00 WORL ‡Albania Voice		
10:00	‡Church of	‡Bible Talk	‡Bible Class	‡Israel Drama	*Morn'g Tunes
10:15	the Air	‡Bible Talk	‡Bible Class	‡Israel Drama	*Modern Music
10:30	‡Over Jordan	*Words-Music	‡Weather Rep't	‡ParkSt.Church	*Modern Music
10:45	‡Over Jordan	*Words-Music	*Symphonetta	‡ParkSt.Church	‡Christ. Science
	10:00 WCOP ‡Italian Hour		10:30 WORL ‡Polish Program		
11:00	‡News; Choir	*Rockies	‡Cathedral	‡ParkSt.Church	‡Christ. Science
11:15	*Blue Jackets Rhapsody		Church of	‡ParkSt.Church	‡Christ. Science
11:30	*Learn'g Invt.	‡Labor Speaks	St. Paul	‡ParkSt.Church	Church
11:45	*Learn'g Invt.	*Betsy Ross	Service	‡ParkSt.Church	Service
	11:00 WCOP *Freilicher Kabtzen		11:00 WORL ‡News and Music		
NOON	‡News	‡News	‡Rev'wing St'nd	‡Italian Music	‡News
12:15	‡News Analyst	*Musicale	‡Rev'wing St'nd	‡News	*Spotlight
12:30	†People to P'le	*Stradivari	‡Catholic Truth	*Matinee Music	*LaRosa Music
12:45	†People to P'le	*Stradivari	‡Catholic Truth	*Matinee Music	*LaRosa Music
	12:00 WCOP *Freilicher		12:00 WORL ‡News; 920 Club		
1:00	‡On Beacon St	‡News	‡News	*Village Choir	†Playhouse
1:15	*Revue	‡Swiss Salute	*Herb Lewis	*Magic Carpet	*Italian Tunes
1:30	†Talks	‡Round Table	‡Baseball Game	*Song Ca'lcade	*Joseph Tall
1:45	‡From London	‡Round Table	‡Baseball Game	*Song Ca'lcade	*Joseph Tall
	1:00 WCOP *Polish Program		1:00 WORL ‡News; 920 Club		
2:00	†Dangerously	*Spotlight	‡Baseball Game	*Song Ca'lcade	*Waltz Music
2:15	Yours	§For the Girls	‡Baseball Game	*Song Ca'lcade	*Waltz Music
2:30	‡World News	*J. C. Thomas	‡Baseball Game	§Sammy Kaye	‡Christian Sci.
2:45	‡World News	*J. C. Thomas	‡Baseball Game	§Sammy Kaye	‡Christian Sci.
	2:30 WCOP *Hellenic Dawn		2:30 WORL *Parade of Hits		
3:00	*N.Y. Symph'y	§World Parade	‡Baseball Game	*Music Review	*Swedish Tunes
3:15	*N.Y. Symph'y	§World Parade	‡Baseball Game	*Music Review	*Swedish Tunes
3:30	*N.Y. Symph'y	§Army Hour	‡Baseball Game	‡Israel	‡St.AnthonyHr.
3:45	*N.Y. Symph'y	§Army Hour	‡Baseball Game	Message	‡St.AnthonyHr.
	3:45 WCOP ‡Pleasant Hill Church		3:00 WORL ‡News; 920 Club		
4:00	*N.Y. Symph'y	§Army Hour	‡Lutheran Hour	*Poll of Hits	*Treasury
4:15	*N.Y. Symph'y	§Army Hour	‡Lutheran Hour	*Poll of Hits	Varieties
4:30	*Percy Faith	‡Loyalty Week	§Thanks to	*World of Song	*Light Operas
4:45	*Percy Faith	‡Loyalty Week	America	*World of Song	*Light Operas
	4:15 WCOP ‡Rescue Mission		4:00 WORL ‡News; 920 Club		
5:00	*Family Hour	*NBC Symph'ny	†Green Valley	*Mary Small	*Light Operas
5:15	*Family Hour	*NBC Symph'ny	†Green Valley	*Mary Small	*Light Operas
5:30	*Family Hour	*NBC Symph'ny	†Bulldog Dr'md	‡Hot Copy	*Dance Session
5:45	‡Wm. Shirer	*NBC Symph'ny	†Bulldog Dr'md	‡Hot Copy	*Dance Session
	5:45 WCOP ‡Mormon Service		5:00 WORL §Coast Guard Show		
6:00	†Silver Thea.	‡Catholic Hour	*Band Parade	§Summer Hour	‡Tremont T'ple
6:15	†Silver Thea.	‡Catholic Hour	‡Baseball	§Summer Hour	‡Tremont T'ple
6:30	†Air Americ'ns	§Coast Guard	‡Upton Close	§Summer Hour	†Ave Maria
6:45	†Air Americ'ns	Week Program	*Dick Brown	§Summer Hour	†Ave Maria
	6:45 WCOP ‡American Legion		6:00 WORL ‡News; 920 Club		
7:00	‡Report to	*All Time Hit	§Revival Hour	‡Drew Pearson	*Classic Album
7:15	the Nation	Parade	§Revival Hour	‡Headlines	*Classic Album
7:30	§Eddie Garr	*Bandwagon	§Revival Hour	□Quiz Kids	*Classic Album
7:45	§Eddie Garr	*Bandwagon	§Revival Hour	□Quiz Kids	*Classic Album
	7:30 WCOP ‡Park Street Church		7:00 WORL §For the Girls		
8:00	†W. Pidgeon	§Gracie Fields	‡Mediation Brd.	*Village Choir	‡Church Service
8:15	†W. Pidgeon	§Gracie Fields	‡Mediation Brd.	‡Ba'ball Scores	‡Church Service
8:30	†Crime Doctor	†One Man's	‡Mediation Brd.	‡Deadlines	‡Church Service
8:45	†Crime Doctor	Family	‡Heatter	‡Deadlines	‡Church Service
	8:45 WCOP *Beyond Victory				
9:00	†Readers D'gst	‡Merry-Go-R'nd	‡Walter	‡W. Winchell	§Revival Hour
9:15	†Readers D'gst	‡Merry-Go-R'nd	Hampden	§Basin Street	§Revival Hour
9:30	§Jas. Melton	*Fam'lar Music	□Music Quiz	§Basin Street	§Revival Hour
9:45	§Jas. Melton	*Fam'lar Music	□Music Quiz	‡Jimmie Fidler	§Revival Hour
	9:00 WCOP *Concert Hour				
10:00	□Phil Baker	*Hr. of Charm	‡Cedric Foster	*Life of Riley	‡News; Scores
10:15	□Phil Baker	*Hr. of Charm	§Good Will Hr.	*Life of Riley	*Irish Tunes
10:30	§We The	§Les Tremayne	§Good Will Hr.	‡Keep up with	*Pan-America
10:45	People	§Les Tremayne	§Good Will Hr.	the World	‡Army Voice
	10:45 WCOP ‡BBC News				
11:00	‡News; W'ther	‡News; W'ther	‡News	‡News	*Dance Session
11:15	*Jam Music	‡Headliners	§Revival Hour	*Vera Massey	*Dance Session
11:30	*Son. Dunham	‡Pacific Story	§Revival Hour	*Curtain Calls	*Day's End
11:45	*Son. Dunham	‡Pacific Story	§Revival Hour	*Music; News	*Day's End
MID.	‡News; Music	‡News; Music	§Revival Hour	*Nocturne	*Day's End

§Variety •Comedy *Music †Drama □Quiz ‡Talk

Faithful Friends

By EVE JOLLY

"God's love is expressed in little creatures of the field and the forest."—St Francis Assisi.

EVERYONE who owns a pet should know a few, simple first aid treatments. Without seeming to "step on toes" we can safely say that knowledge, intelligently used will often do much to save the pet's life, while awaiting arrival of professional aid.

Dogs and cats, too, suffer from accident shock. The symptoms are practically the same as those noted in humans; the animal will shiver, the eyes dilate and fainting is not uncommon.

An explosion, fall, automobile accident or extreme fatigue are contributing causes of shock. Treatment is isolation, small quarters, quiet, applied warmth in the form of blankets or a many tail bandage. Artifical heat is acceptable but never in the hands of the inexperienced, since serious burns can result. Even though outside temperature is great, the dog should be well covered, and if he must be left outside should be placed in a shady spot. Remember your first aid instruction; place the blanket under as well as over and around the animal

If shock results from noise, such as caused by riveting or drilling machines, plugging the ears with cotton will help to relieve the animal. Use a large wad of cotton and don't mat it when inserting the material into the ear. Fill the cap of the ear with the cotton, don't dig it into the ear with any pointed instrument.

Simple first aid to cuts on the feet and legs will often save serious infection. The cut should be cleaned. It can be washed with any good pure soap and water. Use a clean gauze or cotton for application. When wrapping a foot seems indicated, be sure that a cotton padding is placed between each toe. The bandage, started on the leg, is overlapped at various angels on the foot, for complete coverage, before being wrapped around the leg. The bandage will stay in place if taken well up the leg. The bandage will stay in place if taken well up the leg. It should be secured with tape placed on the bandage, not on the coat, or skin.

If your pet has swallowed a foreign body within your sight, DON'T give a laxative. Administer several tablespoons saturated salt solution. He'll expel stomach contents almost at once. However, no oral administration of any kind is wise if you only suspect that "he's swallowed the thimble." If you know he's been chewing wood, it's "emergency first aid" of the best kind, to get him to the veterinarian at once.

Sgt. H. Ridgway of the Royal Army Veterinary Corps is bandaging "Jasper," who has a wounded ear. The scene is somewhere on the Normandy front. "Jasper" is one of the British dogs trained to find German land mines.
Official British Photo

At the Uptown

Today's musical treat at the Uptown is "Broadway Rhythm," with George Murphy and Ginny Simms as the dancing and singing stars.

The program also features "Uncertain Glory," with Errol Flynn and Paul Lukas.

Olympia-Scollay

"Four Jills in a Jeep," based on the experiences of four glamorous American actresses on the fighting fronts, is now at the Washington St. Olympia and Scollay Theaters. The picture features Kay Francis, Carole Landis, Martha Raye, Mitzi Mayfair, Jimmy Dorsey and his band, Dick Haymes, Phil Silvers and a host of top-flight film favorites.

Hundreds of Women Hail Madame Gardner's 75 Needle Multiplex

A Tip

She is one of Boston's most ethical needle specialists with 38 years experience. She announces that now you may have Short Wave which removes hair in 1-20th of a second, or one to 75 needles. No students to practice on you. The most nervous are at ease. She is the only specialist that beautifies the skin while removing hair and gives you more youthful looking years. Mme. Gardner removes that oldish look at

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EMILY NOBLE, one of the principals of "3 Is a Family," now going into its 13th successful week at the Colonial.

CARY GRANT and Ted Donaldson in "Once Upon a Time," at the State and Orpheum.

WILLIAM EYTHE, "Eve of St. Mark," at the Met. Thursday.

PAT O'BRIEN and Ruth Hussey in a scene from the exciting picture, "Marine Raiders," said to be one of the best . . . it will open at Keith-Memorial on Wednesday after a benefit Tuesday night.

New Plays For Boston

By JOYCE DANA
Drama Editor

As we move into August, Boston's theatrical calendar is still a blank save for that rollicking farce concerning the plight of a war bride and assorted war babies . . . "3 Is a Family," which carried on merrily during the sweltering weeks and goes into its 13th week tomorrow.

Couriers from Shubert Alley, however, bring news of a number of interesting items for said calendar as the weather cools. First of the productions bound for Boston (so far as we now know) is "Last Stop," a drama by Irving Kaye Davis, author of many scripts . . . and incidentally husband of Elsa Shelley, who wrote "Pick-Up Girl," now a Broadway hit. The producer is Victor Hugo-Vidal, new to the theater but known in the radio field. This is booked into the Wilbur for a week starting Aug. 21.

And "Father" is coming back! The new road company of "Life With Father," we are happy to report, is excellently cast, and will give their first performance at the Colonial on August 28. Carl Benson Reid and Betty Linley will play the leading roles. Mr. Reid will be remembered for his sterling performances in "The Cherry Orchard," "The Little Foxes" and "Papa Is All."

Opening on the same night at the Wilbur will be "Calico Wedding," starring Lenore Corbett, the entrancing ghost of "Blithe Spirit."

"Wallflower," now a Broadway hit, is scheduled for the Plymouth on September 4. The same theater will house "Men to the Sea," starting September 11, and "The Perfect Marriage," with Miriam Hopkins and Victor Jory, on September 18.

The new producing team of Rodgers - Hammerstein (the "Oklahoma" boys) will bring "Mama's Bank Account" to the Plymouth on October 2. These writers of incomparable music and lyrics are "new" only as producers, of course.

This peek into the future concludes with two shining prospects . . . "Othello" comes to the Shubert on September 18, and Helen Hayes will visit us in "Harriet" on October 9 at the Colonial.

At Cambridge

The premiere of Shirland Quin's new play "Here's to Us!" starring lovely Jean Muir opens at Brattle Hall prior to Broadway tomorrow evening.

The romantic comedy deals with the startling adventures of a career woman who joins the Armed forces. It's author, Shirland Quin, prize-winning Atlantic Monthly novelist—"Dark Heritage" and other best-sellers, formerly on the staff of "Time and Tide" magazine and a reviewer of fiction is herself the wife of a lieutenant-colonel currently on duty in Teheran.

Jean and Gloria Are Pals As Both Win Screen Success

By LOUELLA O. PARSONS
Motion Picture Editor International News Service

HOLLYWOOD.

THE youthful glamour department at M-G-M is in the hands of two young ladies' whose widely divergent careers started about the same time. June Allyson, without five minutes' training, went to Broadway and got herself a job in the chorus. Gloria de Haven, the daughter of the Carter de Havens, has been trained to be an actress from the day she learned to walk, and this training was backed by an education in private schools.

June never saw a private school and only finished high school after she found a job where she could help the family finances.

Louella Parsons

"We were very poor," she told me. "My stepfather didn't make enough to support us, and so it was up to me to go out and help the family exchequer. I was only fourteen and I tried to go to work in a cracker factory, but when they found out my age they would have no part of me."

She doesn't tell this trying to be a martyr—it's just a statement of fact, but it seems to me that her story is an encouragement to any young girl starting to try and carve a career for herself.

I first saw June when she was on the stage in New York in "Best Foot Forward." She sang and danced and was so cute I kept her in the back of my mind. Then she came here as an M-G-M starlet, to sing, and do her same role in the screen version. But it wasn't "Best Foot Forward," however, that gave me the idea of talking to her. It was "Two Girls and a Sailor," which is a sprightly comedy and shows off M-G-M's two youthful stars of tomorrow, June and Gloria, to excellent advantage.

The girls became inseparable friends while they were making the picture and rehearsed their scenes together.

"We used to go to my apart-

Continued on Page 15

Tonight at the Esplanade

"The 21st Marines" Carlton Beyer
First Movement, Symphony in B minor, "Unfinished" Schubert
Hallelujah Chorus from "The Messiah" Handel
"Peer Gynt" Suite Grieg
Playlet, "A Tribute to the U. S. Marines" by Robert C. Schimmel
Cast: Mrs. Arthur Fiedler, Leo Foster, Eddie Kasper
Vocal Quartet: Marguerita Porter, Jean Harper, Norman Dow, Theo Carreiro
Organist: John Kiley
Victor Herbert Favorites Arranged by Sanford
Polka from "Schwanda, the Bagpipe Player" Weinberger
Salute to Our Fighting Forces Arranged by Bodge

On Modern Screen

"Pin Up Girl," starring Betty Grable with John Harvey, Martha Raye, Joe E. Brown and Charlie Spivak and his orchestra, is now at the Modern Theater.

The co-feature is "Three Men in White" starring Lionel Barrymore and Van Johnson.

M-G-M's
DRAGON SEED
COMING SOON
KATHARINE HEPBURN as "JADE"

The Cool COLONIAL
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13TH H-I-T WEEK
JOHN GOLDEN'S 3 IS A FAMILY
MATINEES WED., SAT. 75c, $1, $1.50
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Doors Open 12:45 p. m.
Cary GRANT
Once Upon a Time
with JANET BLAIR
plus "STARS ON PARADE"
Starts Thursday
"BATHING BEAUTY"
In Technicolor

TRANS-LUX
"UNDERGROUND GUERRILLAS"
Also Richard Dix in "GHOST SHIP"

2ND BIG WEEK!
GIRLS EAGER FOR EXCITEMENT, USED BY RUTHLESS MOBSTERS
UNDER AGE
CO-HIT BEAUTIFUL BUT BROKE
GAYETY

BOWDOIN
CONTINUOUS FROM 2:00 P.M.
MICKEY ROONEY ★ LEWIS STONE
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LEON ERROL - "HAT-CHECK HONEY"

TELEPIX NEWS REELS
BENCHLEY
KENTUCKY THOROUGHBREDS
New Mexico-The Spars-Color Cartoons

Parsons

Continued From Page 14

ment to study," June told me. "It meant so much to us to be good."

ALTHOUGH they have both gone out with the same boy friends and have been frequently mentioned for the same role, there is no jealousy on either part.

Gloria, who has just moved into an apartment vacated by Robert Walker, said: "June is one of the hardest-working girls I have ever known. When we rehearsed for 'Two Girls and a Sailor' she used to wake me up in the middle of the night to go over our lines. She taught me to drive a car and if we hadn't had our careers we would still have been good pals. We are just congenial."

June says: "Gloria is the best girl friend I have ever had. She has so much talent and she's so pretty. I wish she had kept her dark hair because I think she was the loveliest young brunette in pictures."

Gloria has lightened her hair because of the camera. June herself is blonde with blue eyes. She is not a great beauty but she is cute and she is so serious about her career.

"I want to be a dramatic actress," she told he. "I used to think that if I could only dance with Fred Astaire that's all I would ever want in my life. The first motion picture that made an impression on me was 'The Gay Divorcee,' and how I envied Ginger Rogers dancing with that wonderful man. But now," says June, "I think I would rather be Katharine Cornell or Greer Garson or Ingrid Bergman."

GLORIA is less impressed with screen personalities because she has been brought up in a theatrical atmosphere. She is a very talented musician and has composed several original compositions. She wants to be, of all things, a character actress.

June hopes one day to have enough money to buy a house for her mother. She sends home part of her salary every week and tries hard to save a little for a rainy day.

"I remember," she told me, "when I lived in one room with three other girls at the American Women's Club and it took me a long time to pay back the rent that I owed.

These two youngesters are your stars of tomorrow—that's why I wanted to tell you about them.

LOVELY JANE WYMAN will be seen in the bright comedy, "Make Your Own Bed," starting Thursday at the Paramount and Fenway.

Marines in Benefit Show

Everyone wants to do something to show appreciation for what those wonderful Marines have done for us in the Pacific, and to help in some way the boys who have come back after years of gruelling battle, many of them sick and disabled.

This week we will all have a chance to do it . . . and at the same time enjoy a terrific show.

For on Tuesday evening, at 9 p. m., the premiere of the RKO picture of 1944, "Marine Raiders" will be presented at the Keith-Memorial, the proceeds to be devoted to helping the boys who have suffered it out in the fox-holes and jungles of the Solomons and Saipan.

Arthur T. Hildebrand, commandant of the Theodore Roosevelt Detachment of the Marine Corps League, has announced that all the money realized on the benefit will go for the benefit of the Marine Corps League Rehabilitation Fund, and will be administered by the League.

"Marine Raiders," which tells the gripping story of the outnumbered Marines who battled the Japs so bravely, stars Pat O'Brien and Ruth Hussey.

Governor Saltonstall heads the honorary committee sponsoring this auspicious event. Others on it are Commandant Hildebrand, Commandant Daniel D. Whelan, Rehabilitation Officer Ronald L. McDonald and Emil Groth, district manager of the RKO theaters in New England.

Dr. Wassell's Story

Gary Coper has the role of Commander Corydon M. Wassell in "The Story of Dr. Wassell," now at the Paramount and Fenway. Laraine Day, Signe Hasso, Denis O'Keefe and Carol Thurston are featured. This is Cecil B. DeMille's production of the adventures of a country doctor who at great peril saved the lives of 13 wounded Americans in Java.

Today at Exeter

Ingrid Bergman, Charles Boyer and Joseph Cotten in "Gaslight" and "Chip Off the Old Block" with Donald O'Connor and Peggy Ryan are opening at the Exeter Street Theater today.

Movie Times for Today Only

METROPOLITAN — "And the Angels Sing"; 1, 2:00, 4:40, 9:20. "Secrets of Scotland Yard"; 3:40, 6:30, 8:55.

KEITH-MEMORIAL — "Days of Glory"; 1, 3:07, 4:45, 7:19, 9:05. "Love"; 3:01, 8:37, 6:58, 8:40.

STATE — "Blaze o Parade"; 1, 2:45, 4:30, 9:15. "Once Upon A Time"; 2:15, 5, 7:45, 10:30.

ORPHEUM — "Blaze o Parade"; 1, 3:40, 6:20, 9:15. "Once Upon A Time"; 1, 3:10, 4:55, 7:35, 10:15.

FENWAY — "Story of Dr. Wassell"; 2:10, 5:45, 6:20, 8:55.

PARAMOUNT — "Story of Dr. Wassell"; 1, 3:30, 6:50, 8:40.

UPTOWN — "Broadway Rhythm"; 2:40, 6:15, 9:50. "Uncertain Glory"; 1, 4:30, 8:10.

EXETER — "Gaslight"; 2:15, 5:30, 9. "Chip Off the Old Block"; 4:05, 7:30.

TREMONT — "Gambling Lady"; 3:20, 4:45, 8:10. "Hunchback of Notre Dame"; 2:25, 5:50, 9:05.

NORMANDIE — "Bahama Passage"; 1, 4:25, 7:33. "Skylark"; 2:40, 6:05, 9:20.

OLD SOUTH NEWSREEL — Now show every hour—continuous 1 'til 11.

TRANS-LUX — "Underground Guerrillas"; 1:10, 4:05, 6:55, 9:45. "Ghost Ship"; 2:40, 5:35, 8:25.

BEACON — "Vampire"; 2:00, 4:35, 7:15, 9:51. "Hat Check Honey"; 1, 3:24, 5:48, 9:27.

GAYETY — "Under Age"; 1:30, 4:16, 7:02. "Beautiful But Broke"; 2:45, 5:31, 8:17.

OLYMPIA — "4 Jills in a Jeep"; 2:55, 6:15, 9:40. "Show Business"; 1:25, 4:45, 8:05.

MODERN — "I Met a Man"; 2:20, 5:15, 8:45. "Pin Up Girl"; 1, 3:50, 6:40, 9:45.

SCOLLAY — "Show Business"; 3, 6:30, 9:50. "4 Jills in a Jeep"; 1:25, 4:40, 8:00.

RKO BOSTON
IN PERSON! SAMMY KAYE AND HIS ORCHESTRA
SAMMY SAYS SEE IN "SO YOU WANT TO IN A STAR" CONTEST
ON SCREEN! "LADIES OF WASHINGTON"

KEITH MEMORIAL
DAYS OF GLORY
GREGORY PECK · TOUMANOVA
"ALLERGIC TO LOVE"
BENEFIT PREMIERE
• TUESDAY at 9 P. M. •
"MARINE RAIDERS"
PAT O'BRIEN • RUTH HUSSEY
Entire Proceeds Donated

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INGRID BERGMAN
CHARLES BOYER
JOSEPH COTTEN
GASLIGHT
Donald O'Connor • Peggy Ryan
"CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK"

NEIGHBORHOOD SUNDAY MOVIE DIRECTORY

ARLINGTON

REGENT Ann Miller-Larry Parke "HEY ROOKIE"
Starting at 5 P. M. Tom Neal-Jeanne Bates
ABL. 1197 "THE RACKET MAN"

KENMORE SQ.-BACK BAY

KENMORE 0778 — ERROL FLYNN ANN SHERIDAN — EDGE OF DARKNESS — AIR CONDITIONED — HI GOOD LOOKING

HUNTINGTON — Margaret Sullavan-Joan Blondell — "CRY HAVOC" also "SWING FEVER" — CON. FROM 2:00 P.M.

BOSTON

SOUTH STATION — "PATROLLING THE ETHER" — 1½ HOUR PROGRAM

BROOKLINE

COOLIDGE CORNER — **BROOKLINE VILLAGE** — AIR CONDITIONED — Betty Grable-Martha Raye C. Spivak & Orch. in "PIN UP GIRL" & "Candlelight in Algeria" — GINGER ROGERS "TENDER COMRADE" & "Sailor's Holiday"

CAMBRIDGE

UNIVERSITY — HARVARD SQ. KIR 5252 — Eddie CANTOR George MURPHY Jane DAVIS in SHOW BUSINESS — LORETTA YOUNG GERALDINE FITZGERALD — LADIES COURAGEOUS

LECHMERE C. Morris-Joan Parker "HIGH EXPLOSIVE" Cecil Kellaway-Helen Walker "THE GOOD FELLOWS"

CHARLESTOWN

CHA 1810 — **THOMPSON SQ** — MAT. DAILY 2 EVE. — CON. SUN. & HOLIDAYS
ERROL FLYNN-PAUL LUKAS
"UNCERTAIN GLORY"
Betty J. Rhodes-J. Johnston "You Can't Ration Love"

HOLLYWOOD CHAS. 1448
ERROL FLYNN-PAUL LUKAS
"UNCERTAIN GLORY"
Betty J. Rhodes-J. Johnston "You Can't Ration Love"

DORCHESTER-MATTAPAN

DORCHESTER — GENEVA 9700
Jane Frazee-Vera Vague "ROSIE THE RIVETER"
Basil Rathbone-N. Bruce "THE SCARLET CLAW"

ADAMS — GE Nevada 2000 — AIR-CONDITIONED
HARRIET HILLIARD-KIRBY GRANT
"HI GOOD LOOKIN' "
Joan Parker-Peter Cookson "Detective Kitty O'Day"
Dinnerware Free to the Ladies Monday and Tuesday

DORCHESTER-MATTAPAN

MAGNET — CONT. 1 TO 11 — **MATTAPAN**
Ed. G. Robinson-L. Bari "TAMPICO" — Ann Miller-L. Armstrong "JAM SESSION"
Leo Chaney-A. Gwynne "WEIRD WOMAN" — J. Carradine-Ona Munson "BLACK PARACHUTE"

EVERETT

EVE 1300 — **CAPITOL** — **PARK** — EVE 2311
"LADIES COURAGEOUS" 2:27-6:30-9:33 — 'The Hitler Gang' 2:00-5:03-8:06
"Snow White & 7 Dwarfs" — ANN MILLER "JAM SESSION"

RIALTO — Errol Flynn-Julie Bishop "NORTHERN PURSUIT" — EVE. 0326 — "SO'S YOUR UNCLE"

LYNN

STRAND — Ann Miller-Larry Parke "HEY ROOKIE"
Starting at 5 P. M. Tom Neal-Jeanne Bates
ABL. 1197 "THE RACKET MAN"

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LYNN

CAPITOL DRIVE-IN THEATRE — On the LYNNWAY-ROUTE 1 — OPEN DAILY
JON HALL-MARIA MONTEZ
"Ali Baba and The 40 Thieves"
"FIRED WIFE"

MALDEN

GRANADA — CONT. 1:30-11 — • MAL. 7654 • Free Parking
Charles Boyer-Ingrid Bergman "GANSLIGHT"
Also Selected Short Subjects

MALDEN (Cont.)

STRAND — CONTINUOUS 1:45-11 — • MAL. 7654 • Free Parking
"MYSTIC"
R. Calhoun-C. Colbert "UNDER TWO FLAGS"
Byron Ley-Tyrone Power "THE RAINS PAREE"

ORPHEUM MAT. 1:45—EVE. 7:11
SAT., SUN., HOL. CONT.
George Murphy-Ginny Simms "BROADWAY RHYTHM"
Joe Sawyer-William Terry "ABOUT FACE"

AUDITORIUM CONTINUOUS 1:45-11
Ann Sheridan-D. Morgan "Shine On Harvest Moon"
Gloria Jean "PARDON MY RHYTHM"

MAPLEWOOD CONTINUOUS 1:45-11
R. Walker-D. Reed "See Here, Private Hargrove"
Tom Conway-Barb. Hale "The Falcon Get West"

MEDFORD

MEDFORD Bing Crosby-B. Fitzgerald "GOING MY WAY" — CONTINUOUS 1:45-11 P. M. — Anne Gwynne "Moon Over Las Vegas"

NORTH STATION

LANCASTER — U. S. NEED'S VARIETIES — "THE RAINS CAME" — "CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK"

QUINCY

STRAND — REAL HOUSE — **QUINCY** — Eddie Cantor-G. Murphy "SHOW BUSINESS" — Mickey Rooney-"Andy Hardy's Blonde Trouble" — Anna Neagle-R. Greene "YELLOW CANARY" — "Seven Days Leave"

REVERE

REVERE — NEW SYSTEM — **BOULEVARD** — NEW SYSTEM
CHARLES BOYER-INGRID BERGMAN
GASLIGHT
Plus! FOLLOW THE LEADER

SAUGUS

SHARE YOUR CAR!
DOUBLE UP TO CONSERVE GAS AND TIRES
GEORGE BRENT-PRISCILLA LANE
DRIVE-IN THEATRE — SAUGUS — ROUTE 1
SILVER QUEEN
MARCH OF TIME-CARTOON-NEWS
CONT. FROM 12 NOON DAILY — DRIVE-IN THEATRES COOL

SHREWSBURY

SPRINGTIME IN THE ROCKIES
DRIVE-IN THEATRE — SHREWSBURY — ROUTE 9
March of Time-UNDERGROUND LOOT
Mickey Mouse Cartoon-NEWS
CONT. FROM 12 NOON DAILY — DRIVE-IN THEATRES COOL

SOMERVILLE

TEELE SQ. — **SOMERVILLE BROADWAY**
DANNY KAYE-DINAH SHORE
"UP IN ARMS"
Lon Chaney-Evelyn Ankers "Weird Woman"

SOUTH END

NATIONAL — UNCLE NED'S VARIETIES — "Miracle of Morgan's Creek" — "MEMPHIS BELLE"

WATERTOWN

WATERTOWN SQ. — WAT. 2220
"MIRACLE OF MORGAN'S CREEK"
"MEMPHIS BELLE" (Technicolor)

WEYMOUTH

DRIVE-IN THEATRE — ROUTE 3 — WEYMOUTH
MY FRIEND FLICKER
ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID
CONT. FROM 12 NOON DAILY — DRIVE-IN THEATRES COOL

WINCHESTER

WINCHESTER — AIR CONDITIONED
Ginger Rogers "Lady in the Dark" — Ray Milland
Leon Errol "Slightly Terrific" — Anne Seymour

WINTHROP-REVERE

WINTHROP and **STATE** — **COMMUNITY**
C. Bover-I. Bergman "GASLIGHT" — R. Walker-D. Reed "See Here, Pvt. Hargrove"
"Follow the Leader" — "Rocket Man"

GLOBE • 8TH SMASH WEEK
ADULTS ONLY
A MONSTER in gay disguise firing youth with daring that leads to disaster!
DON'T MISS
ASSASSIN of YOUTH
SOWS THE SEEDS OF PASSION and REAPS A HARVEST OF MADNESS!
A REEFER

M&P Theatres MOVIE GUIDE
2nd WEEK
METROPOLITAN — AIR-CONDITIONED
DOROTHY LAMOUR FRED MacMURRAY BETTY HUTTON
"And The Angels Sing"
PLUS 2nd HIT "SECRETS OF SCOTLAND YARD"
STARTS THURS. "THE EVE OF ST. MARK" ANNE BAXTER • WILLIAM EYTHE
Plus "Henry Aldrich's Little Secret"

PARAMOUNT AND FENWAY
GARY COOPER in CECIL B. DeMILLE'S "THE STORY OF DR. WASSELL"
IN TECHNICOLOR with Laraine Day • Signe Hasso • Carol Thurston

WASH. ST. OLYMPIA SCOLLAY — 2 BOTH THEATRES AIR CONDITIONED
Big Star Cast "4 JILLS IN A JEEP" Eddie Cantor, "SHOW BUSINESS"
MODERN — AIR CONDITIONED
BETTY GRABLE "PIN UP GIRL" Martha Raye "PIN UP GIRL" Joe E. Brown also Lionel Barrymore "3 MEN IN WHITE"

CLEVELAND CIRCLE
CIRCLE Air Conditioned CONT. 2 to 11
Marjorie Reynolds "Up In Mabel's Room" Dennis O'Keefe
Ann Miller "JAM SESSION" Jess Barker

ALLSTON-JAMAICA PLAIN
Cont. 1:45-11 Capitol-Jamaica Cont. 2-11
Eddie Cantor-G. Murphy "SHOW BUSINESS" "GASLIGHT"
V. Johnson-L. Barrymore "3 MEN IN WHITE" Ann Gwynne-D. Bruce "Moon Over Las Vegas"
ALLSTON All Star Cast-Stage, Screen Stars
Cont. 2 to 11 "FOLLOW THE BOYS"
Sta. 4410 C. Morris "TORNADO" M. Kelly

CAMBRIDGE
CENTRAL SQ. J. S. Grable- Jon E. Brown "PIN UP GIRL" (Color)
Tro. 7900 Cont. 1:11 L. Barrymore "3 MEN IN WHITE"

CHELSEA
OLYMPIA Ginger ROGERS-Robert RYAN
Che. 1861 Ruth Hussey "Tender Comrade" Ann Gwynne "HOOD EVER LAS VEGAS"

DORCHESTER
CODMAN TAL. 4040 Continuous from 1
ANN SHERIDAN "SHINE ON HARVEST MOON" James Mason "CANDLELIGHT IN ALGERIA"
FIELDS GINGER ROGERS "Tender Comrade"
TAL. 3200 Cont. 1:45 P. Foster, "Bermuda Mystery"
FRANKLIN Tel. 5900-Cont. from 1-Air Cnd
"Shine On Harvest Moon" A. Sheridan-D. Morgan James Mason "CANDLELIGHT IN ALGERIA"
MORTON GEN. 6300—CONT. 2
Ginger Rogers-Robt. Ryan "TENDER COMRADE" DONALD O'CONNOR "Chip Off the Old Block"
STRAND Cont. 1:30-11. Air Conditioned
Betty Grable "PIN UP GIRL" (In Color) Van Johnson-L. Barrymore "3 MEN IN WHITE"

HYDE PARK
FAIRMOUNT Ginger Rogers-Robert Ryan
HYD. 3234 "TENDER COMRADE"
Cont. 1:30 Peggy Ryan "Chip Off The Old Block"

MATTAPAN
ORIENTAL Cont. 1:30-11 Air Conditioned
Betty Grable-Joe E. Brown "PIN UP GIRL" Van Johnson "3 MEN IN WHITE"

NORFOLK DOWNS
REGENT CONTINUOUS 2 TO 11
GEORGE RAFT—VERA ZORINA "FOLLOW THE BOYS" "MILLION DOLLAR KID"

ROSLINDALE
GINGER ROGERS ROBERT RYAN 'Tender Comrade'
RIALTO "CHIP" OFF THE OLD BLOCK"

ROXBURY
RIVOLI Cont. 1-11. AIR CONDITIONED
BETTY GRABLE "PIN UP GIRL" VAN JOHNSON "3 MEN IN WHITE"

DUDLEY Carole Lombard-James Stewart
HIG. 0041 "MADE FOR EACH OTHER"
Cont. 1-11. Tallulah Bankhead "LIFEBOAT"

GINGER ROGERS "TENDER COMRADE"
SHAWMUT Gar. 1370. "JAM SESSION"

HUMBOLDT Nfk. 1100-Con. today from 1:45
Paul Lukas-M. Christians "ADDRESS UNKNOWN"
C. Laughton-B. Barnes "Man from Down Under"

JOEL "BUFFALO BILL" MAUREEN McCREA O'HARA
WARREN BELITA "LET'S DANCE"

SOMERVILLE
Som. 2700 Capitol-Ball Sq. Som. 2700
ERROL FLYNN-PAUL LUKAS
"UNCERTAIN GLORY"
Janet Martin "CALL OF THE SOUTH SEAS"
CENTRAL RAY MILLAND-RUTH HUSSEY
SOM. 7630 "THE UNINVITED"
W. O'Driscoll-H. Beery, Jr. "WEEK-END PASS"

WOLLASTON
WOLLASTON Bing Crosby-Rise Stevens "GOING MY WAY"
Cont. 2 P. M. Screened at 2:30-5:30-8:30
PRE. 3600

"You don't know what you're asking me to do. I'm young. I want to have fun. I want to go to parties. I want to go to dances. And I want to have babies . . ."
From "The Razor's Edge" by W. Somerset Maugham

HE TURNED HIS BACK ON LOVE

—*and found what he wanted!*

W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM—THE GREATEST STORY TELLER OF THEM ALL—WRITES HIS MOST INSPIRING NOVEL—*America's No. 1 Best Seller*

WILL YOU accept a copy of "The Razor's Edge," free, while this offer lasts? You do not merely *read* "The Razor's Edge," you *live* it. You stand close to Larry Darrell, whose quest for a faith was greater than the love of beautiful Isabel Bradley, greater than any material thing. You feel the presence of Isabel, who waited so patiently for Larry, but who, in desperation, finally tried to compromise him in order to save him from himself—and who, after marrying another, plotted craftily to disgrace the woman who might have brought happiness to Larry.

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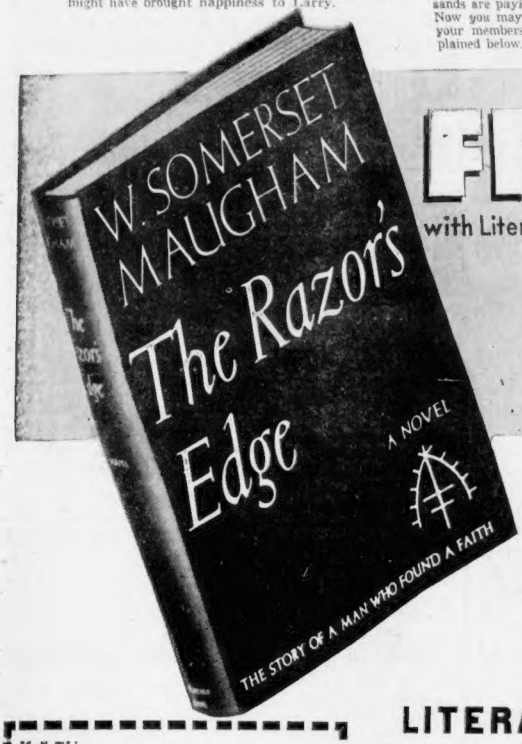

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Truly, "THE RAZOR'S EDGE" is a crowning achievement transcending all Maugham's previous work and displaying a depth of understanding seldom seen in modern literature. It is filled with fascinating people—Elliott Templeton, suave expatriate and social snob, Sophia, a pitiful degenerate whose last chance of redemption through Larry's love is ruined by Isabel's bitter jealousy—vivid characters from all walks of life. Now a free copy of "The Razor's Edge" is yours for the asking if you join the Literary Guild.

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